THROUGH THE

KHYBER PASS

TO

SHERPORE CAMP, CABUL.

AN ACCOUNT OF

Temperance Work among our Soldiers

IN

THE CABUL FIELD FORCE.

BY THE

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Dedicated

TO THE

BRITISH SOLDIER

IN

INDIA.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS 'Diary' originally appeared in the Indian Temperance Magazine—*On Guard*—and at the request of friends interested in the welfare of our soldiers in India, I now publish it in a more permanent form. There is no attempt on my part to make a book; my sole object has been to give permanency to a simple record of work among soldiers in the late Afghan campaign. Having shared their trials and dangers, I have much pleasure in bearing my testimony to their courage in battle, and to their patience in sickness—cheerfully enduring privations for the maintenance of the honour of their country, and dying at the post of duty rather than be faithless to their trust.

As Secretary to the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association it was my duty to visit our regimental societies in Afghanistan, as well as the Cantonments in India, which will explain the

object I had in visiting Cabul. In every camp we had members of the Association, and we have the gratification of knowing that our men were better able to discharge their duties than those who drank their rum. A lower percentage of sickness among the abstainers is ample proof of the fact that abstainers are better able to endure fatiguing marches than non-abstainers, and more to be relied upon in the hour of battle, when steadiness is essential to victory.

In every camp between Peshawur and Cabul men were punished for drunkenness; at Jellalabad the whole guard got drunk by breaking into the Commissariat rum-store, which not only disgraced the regiment, but the whole brigade, as a native sepoy had to supersede a British guard. How different was the condition of the Jellalabad Garrison in 1842, when, under more trying circumstances, Sir Robert Sale's brigade had to defend the city against overwhelming numbers, and also fought a pitched battle against Akbar Khan, thoroughly defeating his army, and taking the whole of his camp. To quote the words of Sir Robert Sale: 'The European troops, besides having insufficient rations, were without their allowance of spirits. I will not mention this as a privation, because I verily believe that this circumstance and constant employment have contributed to keep them in the highest health and most remarkable discipline. These facts are so striking, that officers and men acknowledge that

we were much better off without the ration of spirits than we could possibly have been with it.'

This garrison would never have gained the title of 'Illustrious' had spirit-drinking been possible. It always has been most productive of insubordination and sickness in the ranks of the army. Whenever British troops have been deprived of this dangerous ration, they have always done their duty more cheerfully, and endured hardship more patiently. It is to be expected, as evidence accumulates on this subject, that the spirit ration will be abolished, and tea substituted for men on active service.

Frequent reference is made to the distribution of Afghan Temperance honours. The honour consisted of a silver bar, with 'Afghanistan, 1879,' in raised letters, being presented to every man who faithfully kept his pledge through the campaign; and, according to our returns, 422 bars were distributed.

The army in India presents a vast field of labour for Christian workers. Our soldiers are on foreign service, and in a heathen land where they are isolated from the people amongst whom they live, and separated from their friends at home, they specially appeal to our sympathy and need our ministrations in the cantonments in which they are garrisoned. Those who have been privileged to work amongst them are sensible of the gratitude they manifest for any interest that

may have been taken in them. No class of men are more grateful to those who labour amongst them than British soldiers in India.

If in any degree the perusal of this record of work among them should arouse in the hearts of my readers a desire to do something for their welfare in India, I shall feel amply repaid for the privations I endured and the dangers I encountered in walking through the Khyber Pass to Cabul.

J. GELSON GREGSON.

MUNDESLEY VILLA, SOUTHSEA,
December, 1882.

THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM LAHORE TO PESHAWUR.

THE railway journey to Jhelum is through a deeply interesting part of the Punjaub, it crosses the winding Rāvee and the wide-spreading Chenab, which is spanned by one of the longest railway bridges in the world, its length being three miles and a half. The Chenab recalls to mind the sad disaster of Chillianwallah, where our army was nearly cut to pieces. At Wuzeerabad the usual knives, horn-glasses, and walking-sticks, which screw together in three parts, were brought round for sale. This was the Sheffield of the Punjaub, in the days when Runjeet Singh made his swords, and spears, which did so much mischief, when fighting against our troops. Although these Wuzeerabad knives are not equal to the Sheffield blades, they are very good specimens of native work, and quite worth the money they ask for them, which is from one to five rupees.

As soon as we crossed the railway bridge at Jhelum, we saw the vast preparations which were being made in the Transport Department for conveying stores to the front. Some of the ponies and camels were in a very wretched condition, certainly

they had not the appearance of being fit for baggage animals; in fact they were hardly strong enough to carry the packs on which the loads had to be secured. In consequence of the herding together of cattle, and the crowding of natives who attended on them, cholera had broken out in the station, and the officer in charge of the Transport Department died a few days before I passed through.

Nothing could be more uninviting than a dirty house next to the dāk bungalow, miscalled the Jhelum Hotel; everything was simply filthy—dirty servants, broken-down chairs, walls that had not been whitewashed for an age, and food that satisfied one by looking at it. Most fortunately for me, my telegram from Lahore had secured a seat in the dāk* for Rawul Pindee, or I should have been obliged to make the best of this Jhelum Hotel for five days. When the time came for starting, my companion had a most unreasonable quantity of luggage, to which the dāk baboo† very respectfully objected. The bare thought of a native raising an objection seemed to ignite a mine of bad temper in this fellow-traveller, who was fresh from England, and consequently could neither understand what was said nor could he explain himself, and so roared in his wrath like an English bull, and kicked the unfortunate driver for presuming to refuse to take his baggage. At this I thought I might offer my services as interpreter, and tried to make him understand in his own language, that the native baboo was only objecting in accordance with the regulations to his heavy baggage: by this time the baboo had retired from the scene somewhat afraid of the enlightened Englishman's boot-maker, who is too frequently introduced to the natives, giving them a taste of British shoe-leather. The end of the matter was, that after half an hour's delay we started, and the enraged Britisher was sleeping and snoring away his anger. It is to be hoped that this 'New-come' will soon pass the lower standard exami-

* Dāk, a mail cart. † Dāk baboo, a post-office clerk.

nation in the language, and treat the natives with their own vocabulary instead of English leather.

The road from Jhelum to Rawul Pindee was almost in a condition of block: a long line of weary bullocks were dragging their heavy loads on to Peshawur, and what with drivers fast asleep in the carts; and teams of four bullocks to huge hackeries, and long strings of camels, we were constantly coming to a standstill: every now and then we banged against some unfortunate cart that had come to grief on the road; left just where the wheel came off, in the middle of the road or on the side, no matter where. Then in addition to the constant blowing of the driver's bugle, the dust was fearful, rendering a night's dāk from Jhelum to Pindee as uncomfortable, wretched, and wearisome as it was possible to be, and making me long for the old iron-horse and the two iron rails, which enable the traveller to sleep comfortably and get over the ground rapidly. There is this consolation, the railway is being made, and extra rates and extra labour are now making the opening of the line a possibility next year. Coolies of every description are exceedingly scarce at Pindee, on account of the high rates paid on the railway-works.

At Pindee I was most kindly and hospitably received by Mr. Thackwell, of the American Presbyterian Mission. Although the whole of his time is given to native work, he has deep sympathy with work among soldiers, and would gladly hold a service for them, but for the unsatisfactory condition of his health, which will not admit of extra work. The first meeting I held was in the theatre of the Eighty-first. The men of the regiment are suffering very badly from fever, the hospital is crowded, and I noticed in going through the barracks that numbers of men had been obliged to cover themselves with their blankets, as they were suffering from ague. Fever has never been known to be so bad at this station before: while Europeans are reduced to a condition of extreme weak-

ness, natives are dying by hundreds. After the meeting I started for Attock, this time with a fellow-traveller who had evidently passed the 'lower standard;'* consequently there was no trouble or difficulty of any description, and we reached Fort Attock early the following morning. There can be no doubt that this looks like the natural boundary of British India, as so many Indian statesmen of the old school have thought. The mighty Indus, swelled by the Cabul river, roars with great impetuosity through the bold rocks which keep the river in a narrow channel. There is no chance of the river overflowing the rocky bank, though it has been known to rise sixty feet in twenty-four hours. During the cold season the river is bridged with boats, which have to be removed as soon as the rains set in; and I suppose this suggested to some enterprising engineer the happy or unhappy thought of boring a tunnel under the Indus, which has been done at an enormous cost, and only to result in a most useless and expensive piece of work, which has never been of any service, and now never can be, as the river will soon be bridged by the railway, and the water will be allowed to remain in the tunnel, although the splendid steam-pumps which were sent from England to pump the tunnel dry, and keep it so, are rusting on the rocks at Attock. In crossing the bridge one could not help wondering whether this was the spot where the great Macedonian crossed the Indus, and who, when he had conquered the world, cried because there were no more worlds to be crushed; and then at last was himself conquered by drink, and died a drunkard's death after leading armies to conquest in every part of the civilized world. Not far from the bridge of boats at the junction of the Indus and the Cabul, the difference in the two rivers is most marked and distinct; the clear water of the Indus flows for some distance by the side of the muddy Cabul river without uniting with it.

We had a meeting for the Attock Garrison in the evening, and

* The lower standard is the first examination in Hindoostanee.

the men of the artillery and the Seventeenth united together. The garrison is very small, only consisting of a battery of artillery and a company of the Seventeenth.

Early the next morning I went on to Nowshera, which is just half-way between Attock and Peshawur. There is a very comfortable dāk bungalow, where I stayed the Sunday. On Saturday evening I had a very good meeting with the Seventeenth Regiment, and presented Afghan bars, as I did at Pindee, to those who were entitled to them. It will be an honour which they never need be ashamed of wearing, and will be an interesting reminder of hard marches and great privations on the Afghan expedition of 1879. On Sunday morning I had a prayer-meeting, and in the evening an evangelistic meeting in the prayer-room, which is at the end of one of the barracks. How I long to find our abstinence men working for Christ, and leading their comrades on to a higher and truer life than that which they can find in themselves.

I got into Peshawur about half-past ten, and was very hospitably received by Mr. Davis. Here I found the Twenty-fifth regiment, and arranged with Colonel Ruddell for a meeting in the theatre. The Colonel very kindly presented the Afghan bars. The men have suffered, and are suffering a great deal from the fever, which seems to be inseparable from this station. In addition to the Temperance meeting, we had an Evangelistic meeting in the soldiers' prayer-room. There is something exceedingly interesting in the fact that this room was built for the good of our soldiers by that fine Christian soldier, the late Colonel Wheeler, who lies buried in Agra. He not only erected this prayer-room for his own countrymen, but also preached the Gospel of Christ in the bazaars to the Mohammedans. On one occasion, when they were abusing him in a very violent manner, his syce* retaliated, and abused them back again. As soon as the Colonel heard this, he told the syce to go outside the city-

* Syce, groom.

gate and wait for him there, and reproved him for giving abuse, the syce tried to justify himself, by saying, 'Sahib, they abused you.' The Sahib, however, had learnt the great lesson of returning good for evil, remembering the action of his divine Master, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. Thus this noble Christian soldier was the first to preach the Gospel in the bazaar of Peshawur, and also to erect a prayer-room for the European soldiers, years before Lord Lawrence promulgated his memorable order for the erection of prayer-rooms in the cantonments of India.

The Church mission may be said to have been founded by another earnest Christian soldier, Sir Herbert Edwards, who, in 1855, was Commissioner of Peshawur. Some apprehension of danger was felt by those who distrusted and feared the propagation of the Gospel in so bigoted a stronghold of Mohammedanism. An officer put down his name on the subscription list thus—'*One rupee towards a Deane and Adam's revolver for the first missionary.*' But Herbert Edwards was too brave a man, too wise a politician, and too bold a Christian to share such fears. In his missionary speech at a meeting in Peshawur, he uttered the following memorable words: 'In this crowded city we hear the Brahmin in his temple sound his sunkh and gong; the muezzin on his lofty minaret fills the air with the azān; and the civil Government, which protects them both, will take upon itself the duty of protecting the Christian missionary who goes forth to preach the Gospel. Above all, we may be quite sure that we are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it, and that He who hath brought us here with His own right arm will shield and bless us, if in simple reliance upon Him we try to do His will.' The Church missionaries have nobly sustained all that these words suggest, and in the present missionaries, the Revs. T. P. Hughes and Jukes, the mission is most ably represented. The mission-house contains a very valuable library, which owes its existence to the liberality of

Mr. Hughes, who started it with the proceeds of a reward received from Government for an able Pushtoo work which he edited. Although Dr. Carey's translation of the Bible in Pushtoo has long been superseded, it shows the deep interest that gifted and large-hearted man had in everything which affected the spread of the Gospel in India. While residing at Serampore, and working laboriously among Bengalees, he found time to think of the Afghans, and to translate the Bible into Pushtoo.

CHAPTER II.

FROM PESHAWUR TO DAKKA.

Peshawur, November 11th, 1879.—The General has granted me permission to go to the front, and directed me to the Quarter-master-General for information respecting troops going up. I find that a detachment of the Fifty-first and Seventy-second are going in a day or two, so that I shall have a good escort all the way, the transport officer was somewhat puzzled in giving me my official designation, by which I was allowed a certain rate of baggage; at last it was decided I should have the baggage allowance of a staff officer, which enabled me to indent for three mules to carry my belongings to Cabul.

There is a great deal of sickness in the station; nearly every-one either is, or has been, down with fever. The chaplain told me that he had buried 200 during the year. This heavy mortality may be accounted for by the troops coming back from the front with cholera.

November 12th.—Busy getting my kit together, which consists of a tent, a charpoy, a stool, and a small teapoy, two saucepans and a tiff bowl, a few stores, a small tin box of clothes, and bedding. Not having succeeded in getting a horse, I shall have to walk, and hope I shall be able to manage it, although a medical friend has given a very decided opinion against the

attempt. My consolation is that the men have to do it, and I shall be able to understand their difficulties better if I walk with them.

November 14th.—Delayed on account of the detachment not starting. I went down to the camp, but could not get any certain information, so determined to start for Jumrood to-morrow, which is Saturday, where I can halt till Monday, when the detachment may overtake me. After visiting the men in camp, I went down to the transport officer, near the fort, to get my three mules. In one batch of camels I saw three dead; and of all the wretched, half-starved looking creatures, I never saw anything like the camels, horses, ponies, mules, donkeys, and bullocks that were camped together by hundreds. I was thankful to find that the three which had been told off to me were not the worst I saw, though they were very weak and lean.

November 15th.—To enable me to make an early start, I was up before five, when it was pitch-dark, and had everything ready for loading by the time it was light, in the hope that we should be a good distance on the road to Jumrood before the heat of the day. Unfortunately, all this early rising was of no avail; we were loading and unloading the wretched ponies till eight o'clock; these unfortunate creatures were so weak that they fell down with the weight of a load that any ordinary coolie would have carried on his head. After unpacking my boxes and leaving behind my stores, books, and extra blankets, we managed to make a start for the Khyber. The knock-kneed ponies waddled along rather than walked. I dragged the leading pony, my bearer took the second, and the man in charge took the third, and a queer lot we looked dragging these miserable creatures along the road in a most doleful condition. There was no help for it, as they would not move without being dragged along. At last I got relieved of my weary task by promising an Afghan a rupee to lead my brute to Jumrood. The road to this fort is exceedingly dreary—no trees, no villages,

and no cultivation beyond British territory. Nothing but stones and the skeleton bones of camels and bullocks right and left of the road, the first signs of the break-down, or *dead condition* of the gigantic Transport Department. The Jumrood Fort is built of mud, with a large courtyard used by the Commissariat Department for stores, and is garrisoned by a Madras regiment.

The Commissariat sergeant in charge was one of our old members, and soon put me in the way of making out indents for my rations and my transport cattle. My rations were as follows: Bread, 1¼ lb.; meat, 1¼ lb.; potatoes, 1 lb.; rice, 4 oz.; salt, ⅔ oz.; tea, ¾ oz.; sugar, 3 oz.; firewood, 3 lb. I was in hopes of spending a quiet Sunday at the fort, and left Peshawur to-day for the purpose; but unfortunately two very bad cases of cholera broke out, and the men go into camp to-morrow morning, and the medical officer thinks I had better leave. A strong escort starts in the morning for Ali Musjid, and I have arranged to go with it, rather than wait for the detachment from Peshawur.

November 16th.—There was a dreadful noise all night—camels constantly growling, drivers cursing, dogs barking, and policemen howling, and the sentry now and then challenging, 'Who goes there?' I woke rather too early, but hearing so much noise, made sure the convoy was about to start. Having lighted a match, I looked at my watch, and fancied it had stopped, and was going to light my spirit-lamp to make a cup of Leibig's beef-tea, when the fort-gong struck two, which convinced me that my watch was going rightly enough, and that it was my sleepy head which was wrong. We turned out at five, and had everything ready by half-past six for loading. After yesterday's experience, I changed my transport ponies for bullocks, and got on a good deal better. After a long delay of an hour and a half, a very smart little Goorkha sergeant came up and said, 'Guard ready, sahib.' The guard consisted of eight

fine stalwart Sikhs, with the smart little Goorkha sergeant in charge. I marched at the head of my escort armed with a good oak walking-stick.

The road was through a country of stones—nothing but stones; no trees of any description, no grass, no cattle, no villages, nothing but barren ruggedness. A strong wind sweeps over the ground for about two miles before entering the pass. At the entrance of the Khyber the road winds along the bed of a river, and the celebrated Ali Musjid Fort can be seen from the rising ground. After winding along the dry stony bed of the river for some distance, the road ascends the hill on the left of the pass, and rises until a low range of hills has been crossed, and then descends into a wild gorge, where a mountain stream rushes down over its rocky bed: a few trees and some green grass make a bright oasis in a desert of stones, rocks, and barren hills. These wild mountain-ranges have given the world a race of the wildest-looking creatures; savage in countenance wild in appearance, dirty and filthy in dress: the Afredee Afghan is the type of a lawless robber. The rocks are bored on all sides with caves, in which these ruffians are in the habit of waiting for harmless and unprotected travellers, who are sure to lose both their lives and their goods as soon as they enter the Pass. On my way up the hill-road I met a detachment of the Twelfth Regiment, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with some of our abstainers who had remained faithful through the campaign. Even the non-abstainers acknowledged that they could march better on tea than rum. I then asked them where they were going, and they answered, with a smile, 'Home!' At the sound of that word, my heart felt too full to let me speak, and as I walked on, I thought of loved ones who would be quietly attending divine service as I marched through the wild Pass this Sabbath morning. At Ali Musjid I found the Second N. I. very busy getting ready to start. The commanding officer very kindly invited me to their mess, so that I was well

cared for. It was impossible to have a service in the midst of the bustle and confusion inseparable from breaking up camp, so spent the time in reading Dr. C. J. Vaughan's sermons on 'Lessons of Life and Godliness,' which I enjoyed exceedingly.

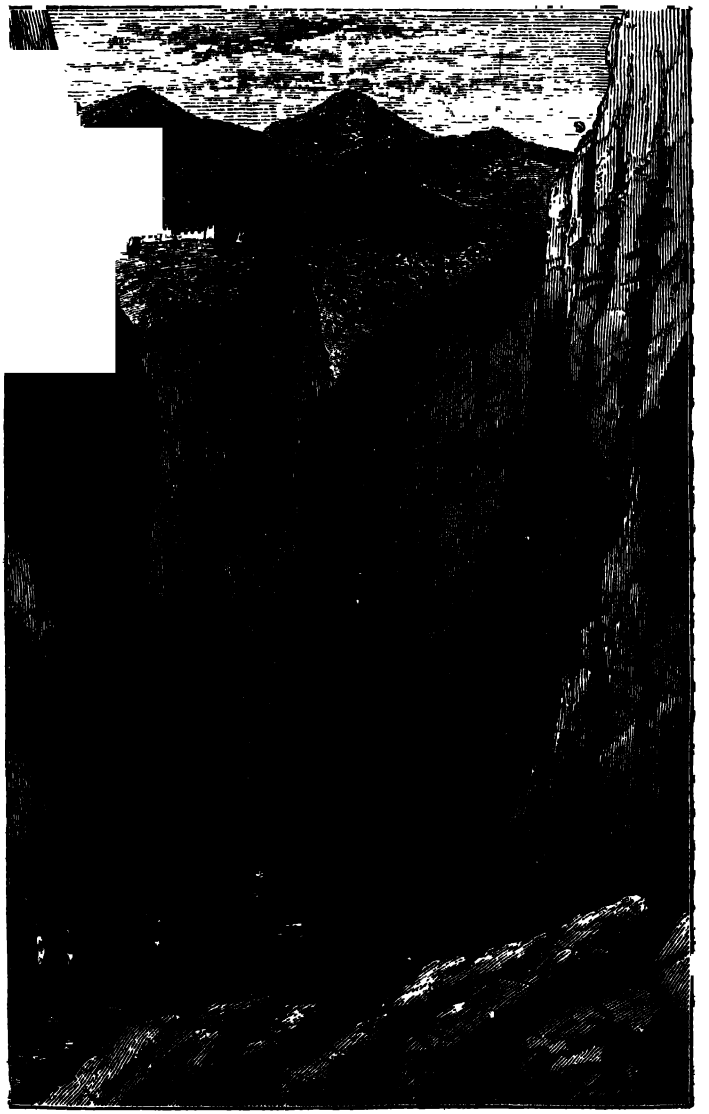
The level ground on which the camp is pitched is completely surrounded with hills. Ali Musjid looks down upon it, and the hill-tops are crowned with small forts, very like the old round Martello towers in England. The whole place is commanded on all sides, and would be absolutely impregnable if held by our troops; new barrack buildings have been erected at the old fort, which has completely changed its original appearance.

At sunset it was very grand to listen to the bugles, as the sound echoed and re-echoed among the mountains, and then far away a faint answer seemed to come as from another camp down the Pass. This regiment has suffered terribly from sickness, it has lost a hundred men by death, and has a hospital roll of *four hundred sick*, chiefly from fever: the Thirty-ninth N. I. suffered as much, when camped here. The Second and Thirty-ninth N. I. Regiments will have very sad recollections of Ali Musjid.

November 17th.—Up at five, and got my spirit-lamp at work, making an excellent cup of beef-tea before starting. Striking the tent and packing the baggage took some time, and then the shrill blast of the bugles went echoing over the mountains, making the wild gorge reverberate with the sound. Then commenced the general bustle and noise connected with marching. Knock, knock, knocking all over the camp; the pegs were soon drawn, and the white canvas tents struck by the word of command. The order was given, and at once the rows of tents were down, so that by time it was light, not a tent was standing; then came the busy task of loading the camels, and what between the growling of these creatures and the loud threats of the camel-drivers, it is impossible to imagine

the din of confusion which lasted till the camels were loaded. Every man had to look after his own interests, and I paid some attention to mine, but found to my disgust that my bullocks had gone back to Jumrood; so there I was, stranded, without any means of going on or getting back. Away I went to the tent of the Commissariat sergeant and woke him up from a comfortable sleep; after a good deal of rubbing of his eyes, and calling for his bearer, he gradually discovered that it was not a nightmare of camels and bullocks waking him up, but a sahib in real distress, who needed camels or bullocks to take his baggage on to the next camp. Having impressed upon him the necessity of doing something at once, as the escort was about to start, he gave the chowdry * the order to let me have three mules, which I promised to return as soon as I arrived at Lundi Kotal. Then by using a rupee persuader, I got the chowdry to find the mules in a very short space of time, and was ready to march at half-past seven. The road was by the side of the Khyber river which runs through the gorge. At the base of the bluff rock on which the fort is built, and close to the little Musjid, Ali Musjid, from which the fort takes its name, a new road is being cut, or rather blasted, out of the solid rock, very much higher than the present one, which is liable to be flooded in the rains. About three miles from the fort we came upon an extensive valley, in which there were some deserted villages; each village had the appearance of a mud fort, with one or two towers, and sometimes a tower was built at each corner of the village. The first sign of anything like civilization was a flock of goats driven by an Afghan boy over fields that seemed to provide nothing but stones for pasturage. The dead and rotten carcases of donkeys, ponies, bullocks and camels made the march most offensive and loathsome; I seemed to be inhaling typhoid every step of the way. A dying camel is a most pathetic sight; the poor beast dies in harness, carrying his

* Chowdry, a native inspector.



THE KHYBER PASS.

load to death, and when he can bear the burden no longer, sits down with his legs under him, and dies. At the other end of the valley Lundi Kotal camp came in sight; first the Field Hospital, then the Bengal Cavalry had their camp pitched about two miles from the flag-staff, at the General's tent; then followed different native regiments, a regular bazaar, and on rising ground the European regiment, the artillery and the headquarters of the brigade. I went to the Quarter-master-General's tent and got permission to pitch my tent on the usual camping-ground for convoys, etc., quite a mile from his tent, which I found rather a hard march, after a weary and dusty journey. The ground was close to the Commissariat stores, so I went in to order my rations, and was greatly astonished and pleased to find Mr. Euker in charge of the godown.* As soon as he saw me, he fairly jumped and shouted, 'Bless me! who would ever have thought of seeing you at Lundi Kotal?' He at once took me into his tent, and asked me to remain there as long as I was in camp. After a tub—oh, wasn't it a luxurious treat! water in this camp is so scarce that a tin of water is more common for a bath than a tub. Every drop has to be brought four miles into camp, so that water is more precious than rum at Lundi Kotal. After breakfast I called on the General and other officers, and got everything arranged for a meeting in the lines of the Twelfth Regiment. We move on to-morrow, and this time the Transport Department gave me a camel to carry my baggage. What next? First three miserable ponies, hardly able to carry themselves without any baggage; then bullocks, which I considered an improvement upon the ponies, but dreadfully slow; then came the mules which were best of all—they walked along with a goodwill, wagging their long ears and tails, as much as to say, "We would rather carry your baggage than our heavy commissariat loads; and now I am to have a camel, which I hope will not drop down on the road and die.

* Godown, Commissariat stores.

Having got permission from the commanding officer to use the tents which had been pitched for the Roman Catholic padre's * services, provided the padre had no objection, I called on the Roman Catholic padre, and was very kindly received; he at once granted me leave to hold my meeting in his tents. To use his own words, he said:

'It is neither consecrated nor dedicated.'

'No, neither; and,' I added, 'it's only a tent.'

'Yes, only a tent; and I think you may have it for the meeting—your meeting is for a good purpose.'

I was much struck with the simplicity of this good man, who was in very bad health, suffering from the effects of sunstroke. He travelled from Kandahar to this place last June, and when travelling in a dhoolie in Scinde he quite expected to be dead before he reached Jacobabad. He said the heat in crossing the sand was fearful, but it had to be done; it was work for the Master, and he quietly said: 'It would not have mattered if I had died, it was God's work, and that is worth dying for.' This showed a spirit of perfect devotion to the service of God, willing to live and ready to die.

In the evening we had our meeting in the tent, and had a large attendance. The Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment very kindly presided, and presented the Afghan bars to the men who had remained faithful to their pledges through the campaign. *Forty* members received this special honour. I was very greatly interested in going through the Commissariat godowns, which were full of all kinds of stores for the use of the troops, including every description of warm clothing, preserved meats and vegetables, as well as patent horse-biscuits for the cavalry.

Afghan prisoners are constantly brought into camp, and tried for robbing and murdering our native followers who stray from the lines. An officer who is familiar with these tribes is trying to raise an irregular regiment among these lawless ruffians, and

* Padre, priest.

has succeeded to some extent in forming them into an armed police, giving them charge of the road through the Khyber. One of the native soldiers of my escort said that they were a race of savages 'who neither knew God nor man.' This same man could not restrain the remark as we walked through the wild and barren defiles of the Khyber: 'What is the use of taking such a country? there is nothing but rocks and stones and savages.' Not an unreasonable remark upon the Afghan question, when there is nothing but rocks and stones and wild-looking Afghans to be seen.

I had a very nice and interesting visit to the large Field Hospital, and went into each tent and spoke to the men about the power of Christ to save them from sin. Many sat up on their cots and listened very attentively. Poor fellows, it moved me greatly to see their gratitude for my visit. At present there is neither Scripture-reader nor chaplain* to visit the sick and comfort the dying. During the last campaign there was a very earnest chaplain in charge, the Rev. J. Spens, who was obliged to take sick-leave. To use the expression of one of the men, 'He seemed to live in the hospital.' All through the dreadful visitation of cholera he was always attending the men. It is to be hoped that a like-minded man will succeed him in the important duties of a chaplain on active service. Each brigade requires an earnest chaplain, and an active Scripture-reader.

I was much interested in a Commissariat sergeant who signed the pledge, a most accomplished *linguist*, having passed in the higher standard examination, and what is most remarkable, in Sanscrit; he can speak Persian and Pushtoo, and might, one would think, find a better sphere for his abilities than in superintending the baking of bread in the Commissariat Department, for which office a knowledge of Persian and Sanscrit is not necessary.

* Chaplains were sent up afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

FROM DAKKA TO JELLALABAD.

Dakka, November 19th, 1879.—Up at five, and attempted to make a start with a camel instead of mules, and found the 'patient beast of burden' exceedingly *impatient* and obstinate. He objected very strongly to carry any baggage, and had a favourite trick of jumping up with a fearful growl as soon as the men began loading, and three times he succeeded in throwing everything off. After a great deal of trouble and delay we got started, and had a long and tedious march down to Lundi-Khana, where the convoy is made up for Dakka. The Transport sergeant in charge was one of our men, and had very thoughtfully got me a comfortable breakfast ready, which was quite unexpected and very acceptable. The table in his tent was a most ingenious contrivance. It was simply the wheel of a broken bullock-hackery; the axle was made to do duty for a centre leg, and the wheel formed an excellent round table, covered with white wax-cloth, with a lantern on the top. The man who thought of this camp-table ought to have taken out a patent for a revolving round table, a first-rate contrivance when servants are not so numerous as in peaceful cantonments. The convoy consisted of camels, bullocks, mules, donkeys, carts, and a mixed multitude taking all kinds of stores to the front. This part of the Pass is the most dangerous between Jumrood and Jellalabad; the hills are infested with a number of lawless robbers, who only live on plunder. The other day the dāk was fired at, and convoys are constantly being robbed. These convoys straggle so fearfully, that it would be quite impossible for the escort to protect them when two or three miles separate the advance-guard from the rear-guard. Before going into the tent for my breakfast, I took care to get my camel well to the front of the convoy, close to the advance-guard; and after breakfast I was very vexed to find that the wretched camel-driver had

left my servant in charge of the camel, while the convoy marched on, leaving my unfortunate baggage nearer the rear-guard than the advance-guard. My servant was looking very disconsolate and frightened, and nearly cried when I told him that it was a dangerous road, and that he must keep up with the escort. He then complained that he wouldn't have come if he had only known what the country was like, and then fairly broke down. I then reminded him that we were under the protection of God, when on His service, as much as when we were in India. This seemed to cheer him, and he kept pretty close to the escort as we wandered through the wild Pass to Dakka. This servant was a native Christian, and a more attentive and faithful servant never served me. At Sherpore he was most invaluable.

During the day we met a great many respectable Afghans coming down from Cabul to Peshawur—whole families; some of the women were completely covered with most peculiarly-constructed dresses, so as to hide the very shape of their bodies; in fact, they looked like large pillow-cases or bales of cotton riding on ponies. We also met a large convoy of sick and wounded in dhoolies on their way to Peshawur. As soon as we got out of the narrow Pass the valley of Dakka came full in view. About a mile from the fort we passed a large camp of Cabulees, merchants from Cabul, taking grapes, pomegranates, raisins and dried fruits to India. The tents were simply black blankets resting upon sticks, and the boys and girls were a lot of rough young Afghans, who would be just as wild and savage as their forefathers. The fort is a large square building close to the river, which separates it from the town of Lallpoora. The fort was nothing but a large yard surrounded with high mud walls. The inner yard had rows of rooms round the wall, with a wide veranda, which was evidently the old barracks of the Ameer. In the centre of the yard is a building used by the officers of the native regiment quartered here as a mess-house;

and in a small garden enclosure the officers pitch their tents. The garrison consists of a native regiment and two guns of a mountain battery. I had a meeting in one of the rooms in the veranda wall and presented Bombardier Wells with the Afghan Bar, and also two signallers, one belonging to the Fifty-first and the other to the Twelfth Regiment.

Basawul, November 12th.—I felt the cold more keenly last night than I had ever done before. My *Poshteen** was a great comfort, and kept me warm and snug during the night. In the morning I got away with the dāk escort, which travels much faster than the convoy. Her Majesty's mails were carried on three donkeys (it was the parcel dāk); the letter dāk is carried by sowars. The guard managed to put an extra load on one of the donkeys and reserve one for themselves, which they very politely offered me before mounting the poor beast. Each sepoy had a turn at donkey-riding; I preferred my own feet. As soon as we got through the Khoord Khyber Pass, we came upon an extensive valley. It was a great treat to see signs of civilization in cultivated fields, men busy ploughing, women busy washing at the river, or, more correctly speaking, beating the clothes on hard stones; herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats were grazing in the valley, in charge of bright-eyed Afghan boys. The villages, trees, fields and cattle, and villagers busy at their work, formed a pleasing contrast to the rough rocks in the wild Pass we had just passed through.

When the signaller in the fort at Dakka told me that he received signals from *Pisgah*, I little thought that there was such a literal repetition of *Pisgah* in Afghanistan, overlooking the well-watered plains of Dakka, with the wild and rocky passes behind, corresponding to the barren wilderness of Sinai, just as the Lundi river reminded one of the Jordan with the fruitful plain of Dakka by its side. Is it only a strange coincidence that the land should have the names of various places of

* Poshteen, an Afghan sheep-skin coat.

Palestine, that the people should have Jewish names and remarkable Jewish features; or are they, as some imagine, some of the lost tribes of the house of Israel?

Basawul is the next camp (or mud fort); it is in a wide plain of stones, with a high mountain-range, covered with snow, not very far distant. The plain is surrounded with hills, the grand Sufed Koh, with its snow-capped peaks, towering far above them all. The camp consists of a regiment of Bengal Cavalry, two squadrons of the Carabineers, two guns of C 3, Royal Artillery, and two companies of the Twelfth Regiment. Before the meeting I went round the hospital tents, and thought some of the men looked very bad. Poor fellows—they were glad to be visited. Our meeting was held in a tent kindly lent for the purpose; the men got pieces of timber, and laid them across for seats, and during my lecture crowded round, both inside and outside. At the close, several men signed the pledge. Nearly every night the camp is fired into, and the duty is very heavy. We were very fortunate in having no shots fired into camp the night we were there.

November 21st, Barikab.—This morning the convoy started very late; it was nearly eight o'clock before we made a move. I got tired of waiting, and went on with a party of signallers who had to go every day to a hill about two miles from camp to signal. When we reached the signal-station the convoy was a long way behind; so I ventured on alone, armed with my walking-stick, until I came to the half-way halting-place, where the escort was waiting to relieve the Basawul escort. The sergeant in charge of the escort said that the road was perfectly safe, so I ventured on, to Barikab, without waiting for the convoy. I found it very heavy walking, as the road was nothing but a track across a sandy plain. On my way I passed several deserted villages, and then came to a large one where the people were busily engaged in peacefully looking after their fields and cattle, women were beating the clothes

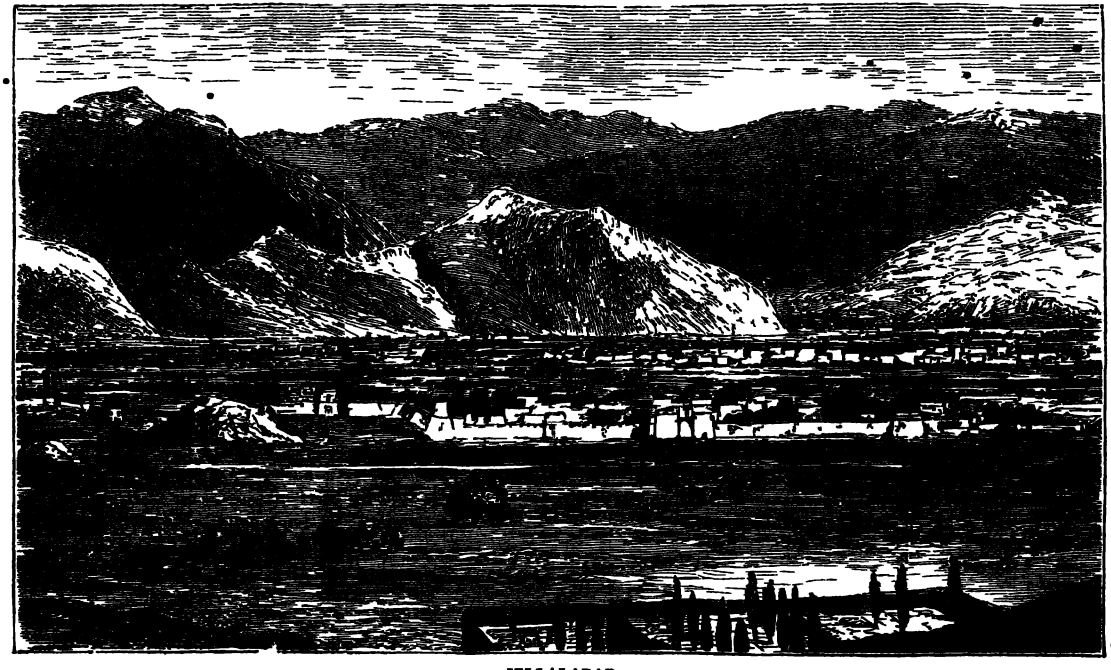
most vigorously by the village stream, and for the first time I saw a lot of children playing a rough and boisterous game. The game seemed to be in keeping with Afghan instincts. One big rough-looking lad was in the centre of a ring, on all fours, surrounded by a number of equally rough boys who were shouting, and bawling, and beating the unfortunate fellow in the centre with their puggrees; whenever the centre boy got a crack from a puggree* he gave himself a sharp twist, and tried to knock down with his leg the boy who had struck him. These Afghan boys play at beating each other when lads, and shooting one another when men. They are also fond of sticking a big knife into a heap of mud, which drills them in the treacherous custom of stabbing their neighbours when they are old enough to fight for their tribe.

The fort at this camp is very small, and the camp only consists of two squadrons of Bengal Cavalry. I was glad to find two excellent officers who knew me. Major C——, commanding the camp, and Captain —— of the Bengal Cavalry. They received me very kindly in their mess-tent. The table was a solid square of mud, raised about two feet from the ground, which answered very well; only there was no place for our legs under the table: but remember a mud table is better than no table at all. My tent is comfortably pitched close to the high wall of the fort, so there is no danger of my being fired into to-night. One night there was a great deal of excitement in camp, as guns were heard in the direction of some large villages between this and Basawul, which made them think there was a sharp engagement going on. The Major turned out his men, and away they went in the direction of the firing; and after being out for some hours, they got sufficiently near to find out that it was nothing but a marriage festival—one of the Khans had been having a great display of fireworks, which consisted in keeping up what sounded like the booming of guns and

* Puggree, a native turban.

rattle of musketry. They have a particular kind of firework which explodes, making a noise exactly like a gun; and then his men fired their old muskets, so that in the darkness of the night a marriage festival might easily be mistaken for an engagement.

Jellalabad, November 22nd.—I started this morning in very much better style than I had done on any former occasion, instead of tramping out on foot, Captain —— very kindly lent me his horse to ride to the halting-place, where we should meet the escort from Jellalabad. As I rode along the plain with four swell sowars behind me, the camel-drivers who were coming from Cabul took some trouble to get their camels out of the way, and made a profound salaam as I rode past, an honour which was never conferred on me when I went tramping along on foot. The road was rough and barren, and for a long way it went winding over some low hills, which used to be notorious for their robbers' caves. On the other side of these hills we came upon the halting-place Ali Bugham, where an escort of the Fifty-first took charge of the Banghy dāk, and away we marched over the sandy plain of Jellalabad. As we got near to the camp we could see the trees along the river-side, which had a very home-look about them, just tinged with yellow-like autumn leaves. The gardens round the city contain a great many fine mulberry trees. Here we have a large camp under the command of Brigadier-General Arbuthnot, R.A. A very fine mud fort has been built for the Commissariat stores, and the camp covers a large extent of ground, and consists of a battery of Artillery, the Carabineers, the Fifty-first Regiment and a native regiment, and the Madras Sappers and Miners. There is also a large field-hospital, under the charge of Surgeon-Major Tippetts. Colonel C. Bell-Acton received me very heartily, and gave me a place in his lines during my stay. In the afternoon I gave an address at the canteen tent, another in the *Temperance* tent, and also visited the field-hospital.



JELLALABAD.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM JELLALABAD TO PESWAN.

Jellalabad, November 23rd, 1879.—Sunday morning on active service is too often a day of bustle and hard work; everything must bend to the demands of war. This Sabbath morning, however, the camp was as calm and peaceful as an English village at home. The band played 'church,' as the men were mustering; imitating bell-ringing, and one could almost fancy the village bells were pealing out the well-remembered chimes calling the people to the sanctuary of God. There was no chaplain in camp, so Colonel Ball-Acton asked me to conduct the parade service, which I very willingly did, reading prayers and giving a short address. When I walked down to the parade-ground with the Colonel, the men were being inspected, after which they formed up, and the service began. My address was taken from the miracle of Christ feeding the five thousand; and on the sandy plain of Jellalabad, with its many sand-hills, and barren mountain-ranges, we were vividly reminded of the desert place where the miracle was wrought. While I was preaching, men who were not on parade came out of their tents and listened. In the afternoon I went to the field-hospital, which is a comfortable mud building in one of the bastions of the fort, and gave an address to the sick and wounded, from that beautiful parable—the True Vine. Then at four o'clock I read evening prayers in one of the fort bastions, after which I went into camp and had an open-air meeting on the parade-ground, which attracted a great crowd of men. The men came in undress, anyhow, some with pipes in their mouths, and others with tin pots in their hands on the way to the canteen tent for their evening allowance of rum; and a more orderly or attentive congregation never assembled in church on Sabbath evening than this soldier congregation of

the Fifty-first, who stood on the sandy plain of Jellalabad listening to the Gospel message. After sunset we had a splendid moon, so that we prolonged our meeting longer than we otherwise could have done. This moonlight meeting was the best and happiest of the day. The men came voluntarily, and never seemed weary, but thankful to have the opportunity of attending an extra service. On the way back to my tent I closed a pleasant day's work by looking in at the Temperance men in their tent, where we concluded our Sabbath services in a few words of prayer.

When I got to my tent I found Sergeant Fisher of the Seventy-second Highlanders waiting to see me. He had just come down from Cabul with a convoy of sick and wounded, and was on his way home to the depôt. He was secretary to our society, and had most faithfully kept his pledge through the campaign; he gave me a very good account of our men in the regiment, who are very anxious to receive their Afghan bars. He is an enthusiastic admirer of General Roberts, and said that the men would follow him anywhere. When once a general can inspire the men with this enthusiastic confidence, he can do anything with them, and they will do anything for him.

Just as we were getting ready for dinner, a fearful sandstorm came on; the wind was blowing hard, and clouds of sand swept over the camp. In the mess-tent it was so dark that we could hardly see across it, and at dinner the soup was more like muddy water, the native servants had changed their black skins to sandy brown. Everyone looked as though a bag of sand had been emptied over him, giving us all very sandy complexions. Hour after hour the storm raged furiously without the least cessation. The men in camp were awake all night securing their tents from being blown down. I was up and down all through the night looking after my tent-pegs and fastening-ropes; at times the tent was so full of sand that I tied

a silk handkerchief over my mouth so as to breathe more freely. Sleep was quite out of the question in such a storm.

Jellalabad, November 24th.—The storm is still blowing in all its fury; it was quite useless to attempt to wash, unless one wanted to be caked over with mud, which would be a trifle worse than dry sand, and that is bad enough. My tent-ropes nearly gave way, so I got the long rope I used for my baggage tied round the tent to prevent it being blown down. Eating is a most unpleasant process under such circumstances; every mouthful is covered with sand, and small sand-heaps in one's mouth are most unpleasant mouthfuls. Towards evening the wind began to subside, and by sunset the storm had blown itself out, to the great relief of everyone in camp. Then began the general brushing and washing: heaps of sand had been blown round the tents, and in the tents; in fact there was sand everywhere, in your clothes, in your hair, in your ears, in your eyes, in your mouth, and everything you tried to eat, and everything you had to drink—nothing without sand.

The detachments of the Fifty-first and Seventy-second came into camp to-day from Peshawur, and I hope to have the Seventy-second for an escort on to Cabul. Just about sunset I went down to the canteen tent, where the men were getting their rum, and had a capital meeting; they were attentive and seemed to enjoy it. Two men signed the pledge, and I presented two of the Seventy-second, who were going home, with Afghan bars.

Jellalabad, November 25th.—Had a very good night—all the more enjoyable as there was no danger of being smothered by my tent falling, or by the suffocating sand. The calm morning was very delightful; and the men were very busy carrying away the heaps of sand that surrounded their tents. Now that there was some prospect of my getting on with the Seventy-second, I made inquiries about a pony, which the Colonel said was absolutely necessary. My first attempt at a bargain with an

Afghan contractor was very unsatisfactory; he brought me a strong pony, for which he wanted three hundred rupees, and most indignantly refused my offer of a hundred, but ultimately took a hundred and twenty. This contractor, Mr. Aboo Khan, is making a large fortune out of the unbelievers now in Afghanistan; and I expect that as soon as he has secured the last rupee, he will be ready to cut our throats. Afghan knives generally follow Indian rupees.

Jellalabad, November 26th.—An unfortunate telegram has just come in, ordering the detachment of the Seventy-second to halt until further orders. I now began to give up all hopes of going farther, but the Colonel is very anxious I should wait for a convoy going on, as he considers it very important that I should visit all our societies up to Cabul; there is plenty of work in this camp, and he thinks that my time in waiting for a convoy will be well employed. Fortunately for me, a convoy is to start to-morrow morning for Gundamuck—a convoy of rum, so the poison and the antidote will travel side by side.

An officer on his way from Cabul is lying very ill in his tent, too bad to go down with the convoy. I was very anxious to visit him, but medical men, unfortunately regard visiting the sick as a kind of death-warrant. I feel very uneasy that I have not seen him, but cannot go without the medical officer's sanction. What a frightful mistake it is for men to look upon religion as a terrible thing, only to be mentioned when there is no hope of life. Oh that men would learn to understand the grandeur of the sacred truth—*to live is Christ*, and *to die gain*. In the afternoon the Colonel took me to the city, when I made my first attempt to ride my Afghan pony; he carried me very well, and will no doubt do the rough work that is before him. The Colonel took his revolver, as it is not safe to go into the city without arms. I took my weapon of defence, an oak walking-stick, and am glad that neither the revolver nor stick were required for any purpose.

The road was lined with mulberry trees, and numberless water-courses irrigated the fields. The city is surrounded with a high mud wall, with bastions for defence, and in many parts is in a very dilapidated condition. The bazaars are very narrow and unspeakably filthy; the shops are of an equally dirty appearance, and the men who squat at them are no cleaner. It was impossible, however, to pass through the city gateway without a crowd of historical associations making the dirty city and broken-down walls suggest the scenes of 1842, when Sale and Havelock with the brave men of the Thirteenth made this Afghan city illustrious in the annals of brave deeds, which have been recorded on the pages of history, concerning our heroic army. In riding through the gateway it was impossible to forget the brave men who marched through it years ago, and fought Akhbar Khan's army in the plain where our camp is now pitched, completely destroying his force; and then, a few months later, Pollock's avenging army marched through the gateway, while the band of the Thirteenth played 'Ay but ye've been lang a-coming;' and then the crowning remembrance was, that through this gateway the only survivor of the Cabul army rode in, Dr. Bryden, well-nigh worn out with fatigue and starvation, to tell the sad, sad story of the massacre at the Jugdulluk Pass, and the treacherous murders at Futteeabad.

Inside the city we saw the place where Sale had his quarters, and the spot where the unfortunate Elphinstone is supposed to be buried.

We left the city on the river-side, and rode on to the Ameer's gardens. This is the royal residence of the Ameers, who usually winter at Jellalabad, and so escape the severe weather of Cabul. There was nothing I could buy in the bazaar as a remembrance of Jellalabad. Only one long bazaar runs right through the city, which is partly roofed over, making a kind of arcade. When General Sir Sam Browne marched his

division through the city, the bazaar people sat at their shops and kept them open, ready to trade with our soldiers—there was no fear of looting. This was a great tribute of respectful confidence in the British soldier, who was treated more like a friend than a foreign foe.

The Ameer's gardens were well worth a visit: they contained some of the handsomest cypress-trees I've ever seen; though sombre, they looked very grand: the walks are bordered with water-courses, and orange-trees, and sweet limes. The gardens are well watered by a small canal which runs through them; large flower-beds cover the centre of the gardens, and are well filled with bright-coloured stocks and wallflowers. A few of these sweet flowers will form my keepsake of Jellalabad: double remembrancers—at Jellalabad of home, and when at home of Jellalabad. Close to the river-side is a large kind of summer-house, which has a fine view of the river and the snow-covered mountains beyond. As a matter of course, Tommy Atkins has left his mark behind; the 'Fifty-first' and numberless initials are cut into every piece of wood in the building: doors, thresholds, window-frames, and wooden pillars all testify most abundantly to the remarkable anxiety of the men who have visited this city to leave their mark behind for coming Ameers to see, when they curse the British army in their winter-gardens at Jellalabad.

On our way back to camp we rode through the old cantonments outside the city. The Ameer's army, we cannot say camped on the plain, but was buried in the plain; it looked like a gigantic rabbit-warren. Instead of huts being erected for the men to live in, large pits had been excavated in the ground communicating with passages from one to the other, and roofed over on the top. In these dark holes the Afghan troops were quartered when the Ameer resided at this city. There would be this great advantage, that during a sandstorm there would be no danger of the wind

blowing down the tents, and the sand would sweep over the underground barracks. When the sand sweeps across the plain like the simoon of the desert, suffocating to death unfortunate travellers who may be caught in it, doubtless the Afghan soldiers felt grateful for the protection singularly provided by this underground cantonment.

We passed the little graveyard where several officers and men lie buried, who died at the post of duty. One long mound shows where the poor fellows of the Tenth Hussars are buried; one long grave containing *nineteen* bodies. These unfortunate men were drowned in crossing the Cabul river, at a ford not far from the camp. The horses and men were carried down the river by a strong current sweeping them off their legs with irresistible force. They had been ordered to cross the river at night to surprise the enemy on the other side, and had not left camp an hour when the horses of the drowned men came galloping riderless into camp; the first messengers of the dreadful catastrophe in which nineteen men were drowned out of fifty.

In the evening I went round the tents of the Carabineers, and addressed the men in groups which gathered together in different parts of the camp. One old soldier, who had been an abstainer some months, told me that for twenty years he had not known what it was to be sober for a whole day, and never went to bed sober until he signed the pledge, when he found the great difference between getting up with a bad head and a clear head, between doing his duty grumblingly and willingly. Although he had been one of the heaviest drinkers in the regiment, he had received the '*Good-conduct Medal.*' This man represents one of the *unfortunately* lucky drinkers who can go to bed drunk every night *and never get caught.*

Rosabad, November 27th.—Although I had succeeded in purchasing a good strong pony, there was some doubt about my being able to avail myself of the services of this shaggy crea-

ture, as I had neither saddle nor bridle nor syce, and there was no prospect of my procuring any. The prospect of riding with a blanket for a saddle and a piece of rope for a bridle was not pleasant; at last all anxiety was removed by Major Nugent most kindly lending me a saddle, and the Colonel lent me a bridle, so that I made a very good start for Gundamuck. There was the usual delay in starting the convoy, so that we did not get on the sandy road till past eleven. The march was exceedingly dreary and wearisome—nothing but sand and stones, a sterile desert, here and there intersected with streams. By the time we got to the next camping-ground it was quite dark. Rosabad is simply a large fort, and must have belonged to some sirdar, as the rooms and courtyard inside were in good repair, and had the appearance of belonging to a wealthy native. The courtyard was surrounded with suites of rooms, in which we made ourselves very comfortable for the night, and were thus saved the trouble of pitching our tents.

Fort Battye, November 28th.—For the first time on our line of march some villagers came with fowls and eggs for sale, for which we very willingly paid high prices; anything would be a luxury after the Commissariat rations. I find out that this fort once belonged to the Ameer's Wuzeer,* who must have had a romantic idea of a lodge in a desert place. Just as we were starting, the camel-drivers were busy clearing the road of dead camels. Four wretched-looking creatures had their strength taxed to the utmost in dragging an unfortunate beast that had carried its last load and dropped down dead. No one will ever know the correct number of miserable camels that have died during the campaign. It is supposed that 50,000 perished in the first war, and almost as many have followed in this expedition. The road is dotted with dead camels, and the decayed carcases poison the atmosphere for miles. The road

* Wuzeer, a minister.

was just as dreary as yesterday—nothing but sand and stones, with the exception of the village of Futteeabad, where a few trees and a running stream make a bright spot in the dreary desert. This village will always be remembered for its treachery in 1842. It was here that the three officers who had escaped the massacre at Jugdulluk halted, and were invited into the village by the people to take some bread and milk. Two of them ventured, being weary and hungry, and paid the penalty for trusting lying Afghans. When they were sitting down, enjoying the supposed hospitality of the villagers, they were cruelly murdered by those who had pretended to offer them assistance. The third officer, Dr. Bryden, rode away on a miserable pony, and reached Jellalabad safely, the sole survivor of the Cabul army. During the present war, Futteeabad will be remembered as the scene of a fierce engagement, where Major Wigram Battye was killed in leading the charge of the Guides—an officer of heroic bravery and nobleness of character, respected and beloved by all who had the good fortune of claiming his friendship. His own men were frantic when they saw him fall, and gave no quarter to the enemy as they charged them down the hill. One old native officer rushed to the side of Major Battye, and was instantly killed. He was a man who inspired men, and drew out their sympathies and attracted their esteem—a man born to lead others, as he did at that sad and fatal charge of the Guides at Futteeabad. The fort at this place is called after him, and appeared to me to be nothing but a yard surrounded by a wall of loose stones about four feet high. We found a sick-convoy halting on its way from Cabul. I went through the tents and spoke to the men, and found some very low from the effects of fever. Most of them had some memorials of Cabul; brass helmets, which once graced the heads of the Ameer's bodyguard, seemed to be very plentiful; others had goldfinches in cages, which had been purchased in the bazaar at Cabul. All of them were very thankful to be on

their way to India; everyone seems to hate the country just as much as the Afghans hate us. The hatred is very mutual. I found one of our members true and loyal to his pledge, and had great pleasure in giving him the Afghan Bar for fidelity through the campaign.

Gundamuck, November 29th.—We started somewhat earlier this morning, and were on the road by nine o'clock. The road was a gradual ascent the whole way to Sufeed Sung, which is the old camping-ground of the first expedition. From the rising ground we had a fine view of a lovely valley called Neem Bagh, a green and well-watered valley, with gardens of solemn, but beautiful cypress-trees. As soon as I got to the old camping-ground, I saw the Field Hospital Red Cross flag, and made for Surgeon-Major Evatt, who was in charge. He very kindly gave me a place for my tent in the hospital enclosure, and made me a welcome guest at the hospital mess during my stay. Unfortunately I can hear of no convoy going on to Cabul, so expect to remain here some days. I called on General Bright, who commands the division, and found that he was on the eve of marching to Jellalabad, which will in future be the head-quarters of his division.

Sunday, November 30th.—I conducted a short service in the hospital tent; the men sat on their cots, and a few officers brought their camp-chairs. In the afternoon I rode over with Dr. Evatt to the camp at Gundamuck, which is about three miles from Sufeed Sung; on our way we passed the clump of trees where Yakoob Khan pitched his camp last April when he came to negotiate the treaty with Cavagnari, which cost that unfortunate officer his life; at the extreme end of the plain is the memorable hill on which the men of the Forty-fourth made their last stand in the disastrous retreat from Cabul. When our troops camped here last year, bones were found on the top of the hill, and were supposed to be the bones of the poor fellows who were killed there in 1842. The men of the Seven-

teenth Regiment buried them, and a cairn has been erected on the spot; the hill is now called the *Forty-fourth* hill. It may be interesting to record the strength of the force that left Cabul, and the number who made a last desperate stand on this hill.

The Cabul force, in 1842, left Cabul 4,500 strong, composed of:

4 Guns Royal Horse Artillery.	
3 Mountain Guns.	
Bengal Sappers and Miners ...	20
Shah Soojah's men	250
H.M.'s 44th Regiment	600
One troop Horse Artillery ..	80
5th Cavalry	260
1st Local Horse	70
4th Do.	70
Envoy's Escort	70
2nd Shah's Cavalry	500
Half Mountain Train	30
5th Native Infantry	700
37th Native Infantry	600
54th Native Infantry	650
6th Shah's Do.	600
Total	4,500*

Only 380 of this force reached Gundamuck:

20	Officers.
50	men of the 44th Regiment.
6	Artillery.
4	Sepoys.
300	Camp Followers.
380*	

Out of this remnant of the Cabul army only three officers escaped—Bellew, Grant, and Bryden; the two first were murdered at the village of Futteeabad, and the last, Dr. Bryden, was the only one who reached Jellalabad.

Colonel Daunt, the commanding officer of the Ninth Regi-

* This return is from Lady Sale's 'Journal.'

ment, very readily gave permission for a meeting, and sent orders to the men that I would give an address at two o'clock. I stood on some planks of wood, and had a great gathering; the Colonel also came and stood by me. On my way back he told me that there were five prisoners in the guard-tent, who had been tried for breaking into some kegs of rum, and that they would most likely be flogged. The very same

GENERAL HAVELOCK.

thing has been done at Jellalabad, Seb Baba, and Cabul. This abominable rum brings disgrace and shame wherever it goes.

General Gough has very kindly promised to let me know as soon as a convoy starts, which he thinks will be in a few days.

In walking through the camp I saw a magnificent dog, which had been brought down from Balk; he was a splendid creature, with strong, thick legs, very thick hair, and a head like a lion. He had to be chained with two strong chains, as he broke an ordinary one like a piece of thread.

In the evening I went for a walk over to a small camp of some Sirdar Khan who is friendly, or supposed to be, by giving information to our politicals. Just at sunset I heard the clear, ringing cry of 'Allah Akbar?' and I saw the Moollah, with his huge white pugree, calling the faithful to prayers. The Khan and his followers soon formed up in two rows behind him, with their faces towards the setting sun, repeating their long prayers, and prostrating themselves in adoration on the earth. The dim light in the valley tinted the yellow mulberry leaves with the golden tints of autumn, and lighted up the sky with the deep crimson rays of the setting-sun, until the lofty mountain peaks seemed aglow with light; dark shadows rested on the sides of the rugged mountains that surrounded the valley, and the black pine forests stood out in bold relief from the white snow which covered the whole range of the Sufeed Koh. In the evening twilight this camp of war seemed hushed to rest; long rows of white tents were just visible, and wreaths of smoke were rising from numberless camp fires. The valley, with its sad memories, was calm and peaceful, and the fading light made the bold peaks of the Sufeed Koh stand out in great clearness and boldness, forming a gigantic background to the valley of Gundamuck.

December 1st.—General Bright and his staff left to-day for Jellalabad, and I heard a rumour that a convoy is to start to-morrow. I sincerely hope it may be so, as I am somewhat weary of waiting, though there is plenty to do in the large camp, which is without a padre. I found the men very pleased with my visits to the hospital, and feel certain that a deal might be done for the poor fellows. The hospital camp is a very com-

plete and well-arranged place; the men are well looked after; everything is most scrupulously clean. The 'kahars'* are all drilled by a smart little Goorkah sergeant, and the awkward coolie is made to look like a smart recruit, with his blanket worn plaid-fashion; and instead of a native salaam, they give a military salute, and do their best to stand to attention. Dr. Evatt's coolies are known in camp as '*Evatt's own*,' a gallant corps of dhoolie bearers.

December 2nd.—The convoy has been postponed on account of the expected arrival of an 'illustrious personage from Cabul.' Great curiosity exists in camp respecting this illustrious personage, whose name cannot be mentioned. At last the secret was known throughout the camp that the illustrious personage is the ex-Ameer, Yakoob Khan, on his way to India as a State prisoner, instead of going as a State guest to attend the Calcutta Durbar, which was to have been held for his reception.

December 3rd.—Early this morning a wing of the 24th N. I. marched for Futteeabad, to guard that part of the road when Yakoob passes down to-morrow. There was a great deal of excitement in camp on account of the 'illustrious personage' who was expected; the *secret* was so *profound* that every cook-boy in camp knew who was coming. He was spoken of as '*Mr. Jacob*,' a name given by Tommy Atkins. The first indication of his arrival was a number of camels with women, completely covered up—said to be some of Yakoob's wives—passing through camp without any escort. A small cloud of dust in the distance indicated the approach of the illustrious prisoner. It is impossible to imagine what his feelings must have been as he rode past the clump of trees under which he signed the celebrated Gundamuck treaty, and came into Sufeed Sung camp to be stared at as a prisoner, instead of being received as the great Ameer, with the troops presenting

* Kahars, coolies.

arms, and the big guns roaring out a royal salute, and everyone treating him as a royal guest. Now he was regarded as a prisoner, who deserved stern justice rather than the tender mercy he was receiving. Everyone in camp felt that he should have been treated as guilty if the evidence before the commission brought home to him the massacre of our embassy, or entirely acquitted if innocent. Innocent or guilty, he looked very sullen and downcast, and well he might, as the sowars on either side of him with drawn swords made him feel that he was a prisoner of war, and not an honoured guest, in our camp at Sufeed Sung. General Gough and staff headed the escort, and rode on to the ground where the General's camp had been pitched, just below the field hospital. Two small sepoy tents were pitched for him, and he seemed glad to sneak away out of sight; four sentries were placed over him, the 9th Regiment forming the guard, and then a native regiment formed an outer guard. The guard had orders to allow no one to go into his tent, and no one to come out, and further, nothing was to be taken in to him without first being inspected by the officer of the guard. Even the food that was cooked had to be inspected, to prevent anything being taken in to him. When he halted, fast night, at Jugdulluck, where Colonel Jenkins is commandant, he walked up to the Colonel and put out his hand, to shake hands in a friendly way; but Colonel Jenkins coolly put his hands behind him and bowed, making him feel that he was a prisoner rather than a guest, and must be treated accordingly.

In the evening he asked the political officer to give him an umbrella, as he found the dust very trying to his eyes, or perhaps he found the gaze of hundreds of natives more unpleasant than the dust, and wanted to take shelter behind the kindly protection of an umbrella; or did he suppose that the people of the royal city of Jellalabad would suppose that he was still an Ameer by being privileged to carry this sign of

royalty—an umbrella? Unfortunately this sign of royalty did not harmonize with the drawn swords of the sowars.

It was a very difficult thing to find an umbrella; officers had swords and the men had rifles, but no one thought of adding an umbrella to the weight of his Cabul kit. At length one was found, not amongst the hospital comforts, but among the kahars. Think of a dhoolie-bearer marching with an umbrella! Certainly he never fancied that his umbrella would ever shade the face of an Ameer, and I suppose that the great Ameer of Cabul never anticipated that he would one day be indebted to a Hindoo coolie for an old cotton umbrella.

December 4th.—Early this morning, before it was light, I heard the clatter of the escort taking the 'illustrious Mr. Jacobs' (the ex-Ameer) out of Afghanistan as fast as a cavalry escort could run him through the wild passes and sandy plains, which he's never likely to see again. In the course of the day I got the news that we were really to march to-morrow with a small convoy of warm clothing for a native regiment at Cabul. The Ameer's yaboos are wanted back at Cabul as quickly as possible for transport purposes, so there is some prospect of our starting. These yaboos are strong Cabulee ponies, and carry four maunds with an Afghan sitting on the top of the load. This savage-looking yaboo seems to carry his load without the least fatigue, and is ready to fight all night after a heavy march; I never saw such creatures for fighting: instead of kicking each other as more civilized ponies do, they charge with their mouths open, and seize one another by the neck, fighting more like dogs than horses; the drivers look as wild and savage as their yaboos.

In the evening a very large convoy of sick came down from Cabul, about 240 native soldiers and 60 Europeans. I went through the tents giving the men tracts; they had the usual number of goldfinches, helmets, swords, and fur caps, Cabul trophies.

Before turning in for the night I made everything ready to start for Cabul in the morning, and hope I shall not be disappointed.

CHAPTER V.

ACROSS THE LUTABUND PASS.

December 5th, Peswan.—The yaboos were all required for the stores, so I had mules for my baggage, and a great advance I found them on the unfortunate ponies, bullocks, and camels which had been my transport cattle from Peshawur. I joined the convoy at the Gundamuck camp under the command of Captain M——, who gave me the following striking incident in connection with the war in 1842. His uncle was shot at the engagement of Tezeen and left in the snow for dead; when the doctors were looking after the wounded he was left as a hopeless case, and had it not been for one of the medical officers thinking that something might be done, he would have died in the snow. A brother officer thought him dead, and exclaimed, 'Now that M——'s dead, I shall get my company,' but M— - recovered, and disappointed the hopes of a step being made in the regiment.

The road from the camp was through rocks, and a rough defile, winding round the Forty-fourth Hill, with its mournful cairn on the top telling of the last stand made in 1842. Not far from this hill we crossed the Surkāb river, by an old Afghan bridge; the river dashes down between the rocks, and splashes along the rough gorge, and is soon lost in the rugged hills; on the other side of this bridge the road gradually ascends, until we reach the camp of the Guides at Peswan which is on the top of the hill. Just before turning in, an escort of sowars rode into camp with Sir Charles W——, who was going on to Cabul.

December 6th, Jugdulluk.—This morning we made a start for the terrible Pass where the Cabul Army was cruelly slaughtered

in 1842. The road was exceedingly rough and steep, and for some distance along the dry bed of a river the small streams were all frozen, and even at one o'clock in the day they were fringed with ice. When we reached the top of the Kotal, we came to that part of the Pass which the Afghans barricaded in 1842. The ravine is not more than forty feet wide, and the rocks rise up almost perpendicularly, so that there was no possibility of escape or defence; the surrounding heights were covered with revengeful Afghans who had promised to see our troops safely through the Passes; instead of protecting the unfortunate army, they shot down hundreds, and took Lady Sale, the officers, and their wives and children, prisoners; numbers perished in the snow, and only one arrived at Jellalabad to tell the sad tale of the destruction of the Cabul Army. The whole Pass is surrounded with hill ranges, so that no force could march through so long as the heights were held by the enemy. The road down from the Kotal was too steep to ride, so we dismounted and walked on to the Jugdulluk village, which is the headquarters of the Guides, who have charge of the whole Pass; they were to be seen on the heights keeping a sharp look-out, so that the convoys might pass through safely. We had our camp pitched in a very snug corner quite surrounded by hills, and very closely guarded by the Guides, who allowed no one to pass out; and woe to the man who thought of coming in! The next morning we had an extra guard, although the road looked just as safe as any we had marched; the road might appear safe, but the surrounding hills and ravines might be sheltering any number of the enemy ready to pounce upon the convoy. During the day we met whole families of Cabulees coming down the Pass with their grand Bokhara camels heavily laden with bags of all kinds of merchandise. These camels are very different from the unfortunate creatures that come from India, and die in such numbers. I never saw one of these Bokhara camels dead on

the road. Most of them had one or two little Afghan children tied up in a poshteen on the top of the bags, and their little heads were jerked backwards and forwards every stride the camel took, making dislocation of the neck a probable result in a journey from Cabul to Jellalabad. These round-faced and bright-eyed young Afghans were either very stiff-necked, or by custom had got so used to the jolting that they appeared to be quite indifferent to the constant jerks inseparable from a ride on a camel. These Afghan families, with their strongly marked Jewish features, looked like old Jewish patriarchs with their wives and their little ones, their flocks and their herds, marching through the wilderness. Are they the descendants of the lost tribes?

December 7th, Seb-Bābā.—As soon as we passed a place called Totā Sung we had to pick our way through rough stones and boulders; no road had been made beyond this spot, where General Gough met General Macpherson, and opened communication with Cabul. This was decidedly the hardest bit of marching on the whole line. The convoy straggled a good deal, as the mules couldn't possibly keep up with the yaboos; these creatures walked away with the greatest ease, carrying their four maunds and an Afghan driver on the top, without the least sign of fatigue or distress. We had to make a long halt for the convoy to get itself well together, and during the rest I was glad to find that my cold tea had the advantage over the whisky-flask. One of the officers asked me for a drink of tea instead of the usual peg of whisky, and there can be no doubt that a good drink of cold tea is very much more refreshing on the line of march than fiery whisky. Nothing could possibly exceed the dreariness of this Military Post, in a wilderness of stones and surrounded with barren hills, which have neither grass nor trees to hide their barrenness. The ground was so rocky that it was impossible to drive in our tent-pegs, so we had to tie our tent-ropes to big stones, and clear away the

stones from the inside of the tent. Just as it was getting dark, a party of signallers came down to my tent, and turned out to be men of the Sixty-fifth, who were stationed on the Lutabund Pass. Sergeant F—— was in charge. They were much surprised and very pleased to see me. I got a brew of tea ready, and we passed round the friendly cup, wishing each other a safe return to India. I then read the first chapter in the Epistle to the Ephesians, and said a few words and prayed thus having a short service on this Sabbath evening in the wild and barren valley of Seb-Bābā.

December 8th, Lutabund.—In the middle of the night my servant was taken ill with violent spasms, and for some time nothing I could give him did him any good. I tried pain-killer, chlorodyne, camphor; and then I lighted my spirit-lamp and made him a cup of tea, with a good strong dose of essence of ginger in it. This acted like a charm, and gave him relief. In the morning he was quite ready for the day's march.

The ascent of the Pass was very steep, and the huge stones and boulders made it difficult work for the unfortunate ponies to pick their way. Sometimes we had to wind our way along the narrow ledges overhanging precipices, and then again the rocks almost touched each other, making it difficult for camels to pass through with their loads. Was it such a pass which suggested the proverb that 'it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle,' etc.? Nothing could exceed the wildness of the Pass or the ruggedness of the road; in places it seemed to be quite impassable for our baggage animals. Along the whole of the Pass the dead bodies of camels, ponies, and even elephants showed how fatal the march had been to these poor creatures, who carried their loads to the last, and then were unloaded for the last time, and left alone to die. When General Gough marched to our relief at Sherpore, he lost a hundred and fifty baggage animals in crossing the Lutabund. From the top of the Pass we had a very extensive view of the

Cabul plain, and with the assistance of a good glass could distinctly see the Bālā Hissār, the city of Cabul, and the long wall of Sherpore; and then beyond the lower range of hills, the lofty Hindoo Koosh raised its grand snowy peaks, making a splendid background to a magnificent picture. The other side of the Pass was a very easy descent, and the last range of hills had a fine zigzag road cut all the way down to the camp. Again we met several families coming from Cabul. The women and children were remarkably fair, with strongly marked Jewish features. Many of them were handsome, and would have been considered good-looking if the civilizing effects of soap, comb and brush could have been freely used on their headgear, and a suit of clean garments instead of a sack-like dress, which looked more like rags sewn together than anything else. The children looked wonderfully bright and happy, with their fine round faces and bright dark eyes.

When I got to the camp I was very tired, and had to wait some hours for the wretched baggage animals to come down the Pass. I made my first bargain in an Afghan bazaar, by buying some dried grapes, apples, and parched corn, which made an excellent tiffin.* The camp gossip was exceedingly exciting. The tribes are expected to be on the eve of rising, and a very sharp look-out is being kept up to prevent any Cabulee Moollahs or Sirdars getting through the Pass to the tribes in the Jellalabad district. During the day we passed the three leading Sirdars of the late Ameer under a strong escort, going as prisoners to India, and more uncomely ruffians could not be found, even in Afghanistan.

I found that the signallers at this station expected me, as the Lutabund party had heliographed a message that I was coming; and the men here are going to signal to Cabul through the Butkāk station that I shall reach Cabul on Wednesday.

* Tiffin, lunch.

In the evening the men came into my tent, and we had reading and prayer; two of them were entitled to their Afghan bars, which I presented, and was very gratified to hear that one of them had sent his mother ten rupees a month ever since he had signed the pledge.

During the night a very respectable Afghan, with his sons, two little boys, was brought in as a prisoner, and is to be taken back to Cabul by our escort.

December 9th, Butkāk.—We had a very cold night; the frost was keen enough to freeze the water inside my tent. On our march a Sepoy, not knowing the difference between a frozen stream and the road, found himself on his back much sooner than he had anticipated; this painful experience will teach him to beware of slippery paths in future. Everybody was keeping a sharp look-out, as we marched for some miles through a number of low hills, and we breathed more freely when we merged on to the plain a few miles from Butkāk. When marching by the side of the village we had to face all the children and sullen-looking men who turned out to see us pass. In addition to the high walls round the village, there is a mud fort used as a signal-station, garrisoned by a company of the 67th Regiment. The camp consists of three troops of the 12th Bengal Cavalry. When we were having something to eat in their mess-tent, an officer gave some very exciting news about the expected rising; he had just come from Cabul, and said that there were all kinds of rumours about Sherpore being attacked.

Two brigades have been sent out to disperse the tribes that are now assembling under Mahomet Jan, which has greatly reduced the strength of Sherpore. One very 'jumpy' fellow said: 'You're just in for a second Isandula; we're to be attacked to-night.'

During the evening five of our men belonging to the 67th came to my tent, and spent a pleasant hour in reading and prayer.

December 10th, Cabul.—Having committed myself to the

protection of my God, I turned in for the night, not knowing at what hour I might be turned out, as we were expecting to be attacked. After a good night's rest, I felt quite ready for the last march into Cabul. Sir Charles W—— asked me to ride into Cabul with him, without waiting for the escort, if the officer in charge would allow us to go on before the convoy. Captain M—— said: 'Yes, you may go on ahead, provided you take all risks.' So we started alone. The first part of the road was through the fields which surround Butkāk; then it crosses a very extensive swamp of several miles in extent, which brings it to the Logar river; here a very old-fashioned bridge spans the river, which is deep, and with a strong current. On the other side of the river we took the road leading round the Siah Sung heights, bringing us in front of Sherpore. As we rode along the road I heard a gun, but said nothing until a second went off, when Sir Charles W—— said: 'There, did you hear that gun?' To which I replied: 'Yes; and did you hear one before that?' This was the first gun I had ever heard fired in anger, and felt exceedingly thankful we were so near Sherpore. After these sounds of war we thought it desirable to break into a brisk trot, and reach the cantonment as quickly as possible.

Just at the entrance of Sherpore I met an old friend of the 72nd Regiment, who remarked: 'Well, you're just in time; an engagement is going on, the other side of the hill.' He then took me to the mess, and gave me some breakfast. The Colonel very kindly allowed me to pitch in his lines, and invited me to be an honorary member of the mess during my stay in Cabul.

Sherpore Cantonment is about two miles from the Bālā Hissār, and surrounded on three sides with high walls, in front of which a long range of barracks faces the enclosure, which has the Bemaroo heights on the opposite side. The wall extends about a mile and a half in length, and three-quarters

of a mile in breadth. The enclosure is reached by four large gateways, which contain rooms used by the officers. One is called the Headquarters' Gateway, where General Roberts and his staff are quartered; this is on the side facing the city. The long wall facing Siah Sung has three gates—the 72nd Highlanders, the Commissariat, and the 92nd Highlanders. The 72nd Regiment had built a hut for a mess-house, and were busily engaged building huts for the officers who could not be accommodated in the rooms of the gateway. Other regiments were also engaged in building huts; but this unexpected outbreak had put a stop to all these building projects for making one's self comfortable for the winter. In the afternoon there was a great deal of excitement in camp; a squadron of the 9th Lancers and Bengal Cavalry were ordered out at a gallop, as the engagement was close to Sherpore. The guns could be heard very distinctly, and the General with his staff were watching the engagement from the top of the gateway. The troops are ready to turn out at a moment's warning during the night, should any attack be made upon our position.

CHAPTER VI.

SHERPORE CAMP.

Cabul, December 11th.—The great city of Cabul, about which the natives of India have heard so much and expected so much, astonished both Europeans and natives with its insignificant appearance. It contains no stately palaces such as you see at Agra, or grand musjids such as are to be seen at Delhi. The buildings are nearly all made of mud, and the bazaars are narrow and filthy, such as may be seen in any second-rate city in India. One peculiarity about some of the bazaars is that they are covered in to protect them from the snow; and

another novelty was a tea-shop, where tea is kept hot in large urns, with a charcoal fire in the centre. Groups of men gathered round these tea-pots, and smoked and gossiped over bowls of tea. The tea must have been the greenest of the green, as it gave me the impression that rusty nails had been put into the pot to give it a flavour. However pleasant to the Afghan palate, it would have been refused admittance into a 'Brick Lane' tea-meeting. Cabul will never suggest anything pleasant or inviting to those who have once visited it.

Early this morning we got the news that the Afghans had been defeated and dispersed by General Macpherson's Brigade, and everyone felt satisfied that we had heard the last of the rising of the tribes. I saw the 9th Lancers and Bengal Cavalry go out just to see if any of the enemy were hanging about the surrounding villages. After breakfast I went with Lieutenant G—— of the 72nd Highlanders into Cabul. I took my old walking-stick, and he put on his revolver-belt. The road to the Bālā Hissār is lined with willow-trees; in fact, the country round Cabul is planted with willow, so as to get the willow charcoal for making gunpowder. As we walked to the city we met a great many Afghans going to work in Sherpore; and our men were very busy carting wood from the Bālā Hissār for the huts and barracks which were being built. The palace-gateway at the Bālā Hissār is only an ordinary gateway, with a great many rooms in it. It was on this gateway that our flag was hoisted when General Roberts took possession of the city; inside the Bālā Hissār, the place has all the appearance of an ordinary native city, with long narrow bazaars running in every direction, but now completely deserted and in ruins. We went on to the Residency where poor Cavagnari and his staff were massacred; the building has been nearly pulled down, although there are the signs of the struggle in several of the rooms, by the bullet-marks in the walls, and stains of blood in different places. The most hideous remains of the death-

struggle were in the bones and skulls which were still lying about on the ground and in the rooms; at the rear of the building a great many bodies had been buried in a large pit by the Afghans, and the stench was most unbearable. Within sight of the Residency two gallows have been erected for the execution of those who have been tried by the Commission; about seventy have been hanged since our army came to Cabul, as participators in the massacre of last September. Leaving the Residency, we went on to the city, and found the bazaars thronged with people. Each bazaar is devoted to one particular article. For instance, there is a fruit-bazaar, with grapes, raisins, apples, pears, etc.; then there is a larger bazaar, covered over with a very strong roof, where silk and cloth merchants display their goods; then there are leather bazaars, iron-work bazaars, and a kind of square market-place where poshteens are sold, also Russian china tea-pots, basins, cups and saucers. Everything in these trading bazaars seemed very quiet and peaceful; but as soon as we got into another part of the city we found the people very excited, and looking at us very strangely, and every now and then men on horseback with guns slung on their backs galloped past us, which made me say to G——, 'I'm sure there's something up;' and as soon as we got outside the city-walls, we saw all the people who had been at work at Sherpore hurrying away as fast as they could. On our way to the camp, an officer rode past and shouted out, 'the Lancers are cut to pieces and a battery taken by the enemy.' On hearing this we ran on to Sherpore, as the 72nd Highlanders would be sure to be ordered out; and just as we got to the gate the Artillery were unlimbering their guns, and two companies of the 72nd were with them. We certainly had a very narrow escape in the city, where they undoubtedly knew of our reverse, which accounted for the excitement. We felt that we had been providentially protected from being shot down in the city.

Everyone in Sherpore looked very cool and determined; there was no excitement. Men were turning out of hospital who should have been in bed, but were ready at the call of duty to turn out at all risks, and if need be die in defence of our position. General Roberts had sent for three companies of the 72nd, who marched out under the command of Colonel Brownlow; they reached the gorge just in time to prevent Mahomed Jan's army from entering the city. Their presence at this critical moment greatly cheered the men of the IXth Lancers, who had suffered fearfully in the Chardeh Valley. In camp the suspense was very dreadful, and it was some time before any reliable news reached us. Every now and then a rumour went round that the Afghan force would be in Sherpore in ten minutes; and then most exaggerated reports were brought in from the city as to what had become of our men at the Bala Hissar. In the course of the afternoon, men began to drop into camp, and groups of men gathered round them to hear the news of the engagement; some of the men were covered with mud and besmeared with blood. One man had just strength enough to keep in the saddle until he reached Sherpore, when he called out to some one to come and hold his horse, but before anyone could reach him he fell down, and fainted from loss of blood. Some of the men had very narrow escapes. One man seemed to have passed through a shower of bullets untouched. I saw the rent a bullet had made in his blanket, and the mark which another had made on his saddle, and another had broken his scabbard, while another had gone through his horse's neck. The man seemed to have been a mark for the Afghan rifles, but came out of the action without a single scratch; many others had very wonderful escapes. Two officers were left dead on the field, and seventeen men were killed and wounded. The Colonel who led the charge was dangerously wounded; he also had a narrow escape in the

dhoolie, and would have been cut up but for the courageous conduct of two of his men, who got him out of the dhoolie after the kahars had bolted, and brought him into Sherpore on a horse; there is very little, if any, hope of his recovery. When we think of the numbers that came against them, it is a wonder that any came back to tell the tale. The men said that the Afghans stood like a wall, without moving, and that they charged through them. What could a hundred and twenty men, and about the same number of Native Sowars, do against four or five thousand Afghans? This charge of the IXth Lancers in the Chardeh Valley will be remembered as one of the bravest deeds ever performed by our Light Cavalry. The Battery lost a fine young officer, who was in the act of spiking the gun when he was shot dead. When we were at dinner in the mess-hut of the 72nd, the volley-firing at the Bala Hissar was so severe and constant that we thought it was in camp, and rushed out to see where it was; by the bright flash of the musketry we could see that the engagement was on the heights. All night the firing was very sharp; but our brave men held their ground nobly against overwhelming numbers. At one time they were so close that our men could hear them saying to each other, 'We'll serve these Kafirs as we served Cavagnari.' We lost a very fine officer, Captain Cook, V.C., of the Goorkahs, who was fatally wounded; and we also had Lieutenant Ferguson of the 72nd very badly wounded—a bullet struck him in the eye and completely destroyed it; he bore the pain right bravely, and was wonderfully cheerful when brought into camp. We were up all night, not knowing the moment we might be attacked; and if we had been, I fear it would have been but a feeble resistance that a few hundred men could make against thousands of savage Afghans, who were yelling for a chance to destroy us; it is a fearful sound these cruel and bloodthirsty creatures make. I spent the night in writing letters home, in the hope that the dâk would

get through. It was a sad task; it seemed like writing in the face of death, for no one can tell how the struggle may end. Thank God, I felt calm and satisfied that He will supply all my need, both in life and death. I would not be without this calm peace for all the wealth of India. I now know the power of faith in the face of death. I know in whom I have believed.

Sherpore, December 12th.—Thank God we were not attacked! The brave 72nd held their ground in the gorge, and kept back the enemy. We could see the enemy taking possession of the Asmai heights and other hills, and defiantly waving their standards from their sungars.* All day our men were fighting at the gorge and Bala Hissar, and the walls of Sherpore were manned. The Guides corps came in from Jugdulluk, and just as it was getting dark, General Baker's brigade came in. This removed a great deal of anxiety. The 92nd Gordon Highlanders formed part of the brigade, without doubt one of the finest regiments in India. It is very fortunate for us that we have three such splendid regiments as the 67th, 72nd, and 92nd. Baker's brigade was nearly surrounded, and if the enemy had possessed even a small amount of courage, they might have cut them up long before they reached Sherpore. The news is not very cheering. We hear that the whole of the tribes are marching by thousands on to Sherpore. I spent a good deal of time in the hospital wards, and let the men know how we were holding our position, which seemed to cheer them. They could hear the firing, and were anxious to know what was going on. A fine little drummer-boy, who was suffering from fever, said, 'Well, I suppose I must shoulder a rifle;' a brave fellow, more fit to be in bed than on guard, replied, 'Never mind, Jack, I'll do your sentry; you'd better turn in again.' Many a man did his guard that night who was more fit to be in the hospital ward.

* Sungar, a stone-walled rifle-pit.

Sherpore, December 13th.—Early this morning General Baker's brigade formed up just outside the 72nd Gateway. The General rode out and inspected the troops, when the Gordon Highlanders made the camp ring with their hearty cheers. Very soon after they marched they engaged the enemy, and had a hard fight on the lower range of hills, and then fought their way up to the summit, where the Afghans had planted their standards and secured themselves in a walled sungar. This conical hill, as we called it, had been held by the enemy for the last two days, and our men had failed to drive them out of their position. The position was an exceedingly strong one, and only accessible from one side. Nothing could withstand the determined charge of the 92nd, and we had the gratification of seeing the standards driven from the hill-top. Several brave men fell that day, among them a fine promising officer of the 92nd, Lieutenant Forbes. The enemy was in sufficient force to attack us while Baker's brigade was engaged on the conical hill, and the cavalry made several good charges. The IXth Lancers again suffered severely. Captain Chisholm was shot through the thigh, but bravely kept with his men and rode into Sherpore. When I saw him in his room, he was very cheerful, and doing well. Just before sunset news came in that Baker had dispersed the enemy, and was returning to camp. General Roberts and his staff rode out to meet the brigade, and when they came in, the men of the 72nd turned out and gave three hearty cheers to their comrades, the Gordon Highlanders. At sunset I had to bury one of the men of the 72nd. The burial ground is just outside the camp, past the head-quarters' gate. The gun-carriages we had captured had been taken down to this part of the camp, and used for barricading the gap, and the ground in front was covered over with wire entanglement, so that in case of a rush the enemy would be thrown into confusion and disorder. The funeral party crossed the wires and buried their comrade under

the mulberry trees, where many a brave soldier of the Cabul force lies buried. Sentries were posted with loaded rifles to guard our party while I read a few verses from that solemn chapter, the fifteenth of Corinthians, and offered a brief prayer. The funeral party then went through the firing movement without firing, as we had no blank cartridges, and were too short of ammunition to take out the bullets from the ball cartridges. We feel rather more secure to-night; both brigades have returned. General Macpherson holds the Bala Hissar, and General Baker is in camp. How all this fighting fills one with awe, and stamps the reality of war upon one's mind! There is something fearfully real in war, and something frightfully awful.

Sherpore, Sunday, December 14th.—All our arrangements for divine service had to make way for the stern realities of war. I noticed a very great number of the enemy almost covering the hills close to camp. At first I thought they were our men, but soon saw the standards and heard the tom-toming, by which I knew they were Mahomed Jan's forces. General Baker was ordered out to clear the hills. The 72nd were soon ready, and the whole force made for the surrounding heights. The artillery shelled the enemy for some time at long ranges, and soon cleared the hills, but they were soon covered again by thousands of Afghans. The fighting was very severe, and the 72nd suffered very heavily. Captain Spens, with about fifteen men, vainly attempted to clear one of the heights. Before the regiment marched out of camp, we were talking together on the parade-ground (while the men were falling in), and he remarked, 'I don't feel very fit this morning,' which was not to be wondered at, as he had been on duty night and day since the 11th. It was a memorable parade for the 72nd. Many comrades stood side by side for the last time. The men looked calm and resolute. They would not have looked smart enough for a parade at Stirling Castle.

Their uniform was a dark brown (kākee) colour, very much soiled by weather, and very much torn by the rough work of the campaign. Some wore tartan trews, and some had 'kākee'; some had two or three different kinds of buttons, and others had none; their helmets had once been pipe-clayed, but now many were shapeless and far from being white; their boots were brown with dust, instead of being bright with blacking; but no one was checked. It was a war parade before the enemy, and not a swagger parade before nursemaids and perambulators. One thing was thought of, and only one thing was necessary, and that was for the Quartermaster to see that they were supplied with ammunition. When that was over, they marched away with a firm and steady tramp, and you felt satisfied that they were men who would do their duty in the fierce struggle on the heights. Poor Spens never returned. His was a striking instance of fidelity to death. When the war broke out, he was on the point of leaving the service and taking possession of a fine estate in Scotland, which he had inherited. Instead of ease and luxury, he accepted the hardships of the campaign, and followed his regiment like a true soldier, and died at the post of duty, leading his men in action. Instead of home, it was a grave under the mulberry trees in the little cemetery of Sherpore. His name will long be cherished with reverence and respect in the gallant 72nd. The Mountain Battery lost its guns, and the detachment under Colonel Clarke had to retire to the bottom of the hill. When the regiment returned everyone felt sad and cast-down. Poor young Gaisford was among the killed, and thirty-six men were killed and wounded. I went down to the hospital-tent and helped them with the wounded, who were coming in very rapidly. Many men were badly hit, several mortally wounded, and some had died in the dhoolie, and were brought in dead. I greatly admired the calm quiet manner of Surgeon-Major Roe attending the wounded. When a man was restless

from pain as he probed for the bullet, he would quietly say, 'You're only making it worse, my man.' In bad cases the men had to be examined under chloroform. I saw a rough bullet taken out of a poor fellow's back. Many were wounded in the thigh and stomach, evidently shot as they were going up the hill. It was a fearful sight of blood and dust, men groaning with pain and dying in agony; dhoolies and charpoys were covered with blood. The hospital-tent has nothing but the agony, and none of the glory of war to reveal. The tent in which the dead bodies were placed was a ghastly sight; many of them were fearfully mutilated, some were hacked from the feet to the head, and others had their noses cut off. Some had their heads blown to pieces by charges of powder being placed in their mouths. One poor creature had his heart cut out. All this has a hardening effect upon our men, who are terribly exasperated, and will give no quarter when they meet again. This is one of the fearful horrors of this war; there can be no quarter on either side. Wounded Afghans have again and again shot our men as they passed them on the field, and I have heard men say, before an engagement, that they would shoot themselves rather than fall into the merciless hands of the Afghans. There is something very fearful in the thought of a wounded man falling into their hands. This was a dreadful Sabbath. How often I thought of the songs of praise which were ascending from peaceful congregations, and contrasted their happy condition with our camp of war, with its noise and din of conflict. I visited the different hospital-wards and had short services in each, for which the men were very grateful. When the last of the wounded had been brought in, a cry was raised, 'Man the walls!' Sick men left the hospital, and shouldered their rifles on guard all night. We expected the Afghans would have followed our men to Sherpore now that all the troops had been withdrawn from the heights. But providentially they thought more about

the rupees in the Bala Hissar, and set to work looting the city instead of attacking our camp.

All night the walls were strongly guarded, so that there was no chance of our being taken by surprise. At midnight I went round the walls with W—— of the 72nd, who had to accompany the Colonel; no one thought of turning in—we had been sitting up in the mess hut. In one of the bastions the artillery officer in charge was an old correspondent of mine. Although we had never met, we had known each other a long time by corresponding, and as soon as he heard my name, he jumped up and said, 'Why, Gregson, this is a strange place to meet you in,' and so it was. My friend Captain Campbell did good service at that battery before we left Sherpore. Most of the officers were rolled up in huge poshteens, and sleeping as soundly as if they were in their own quarters; the men had blankets and their greatcoats. When we came to General Baker's quarters, he was sound asleep in his chair, but ready to turn out in a moment. As it was no longer safe in the tent, every one had to get into the rooms at the gateway, although they were not finished. The Quartermaster very kindly gave me a corner in his quarters; poor young Gaisford, who was killed yesterday, had shared the room. Bullets were constantly falling in camp; one struck the ground close to where I was standing, which made me feel exceedingly thankful for the shelter afforded by the quarters in the 72nd Gateway.

Sherpore, December 16th.—I find the change from my tent to quarters very acceptable, and enjoy a wood fire at night; the weather is getting colder every day, and the clouds look like snow, it is to be hoped that the weather will not be very severe, or the suffering will be very great among the native troops and camp followers. The men are hard at work all day strengthening the weak points and fortifying the Bemaroo heights. The heavy guns we took from the Ameer are being used against his troops from our bastions. Information has come in that

we are to be attacked in force to-night. Every gateway has been strongly barricaded, and the sentries man the walls night and day. We are expecting Gough's brigade, and there was a rumour he would be in to-night. Just before sunset I went to the top of the gateway, which commands a very extensive view, in the hope of seeing a heliograph flash a message from Butkak, but was disappointed. I repeated 'Hold the Fort' to the guard on the gateway, at which many of the men smiled, and one said earnestly, 'Yes, our trust is in the Lord.' During the afternoon some mud towers close to our camp were blown up, as they afforded shelter for the enemy. Unfortunately we have several villages and walled gardens close to our bastions, which will afford good shelter when the Afghans begin their attack.

Sherpore, December 17th.—We have much to be thankful for that we passed a quiet night. Mahomed Jan is looting the bazaars in the city, and carrying off the treasure and powder from the Bala Hissar; and we hear that the Hindoos are suffering fearfully from the Mahommedans, who blew some of them up, by putting them on heaps of powder, which they piled up in the bazaar; they turned their women out naked, and then completely destroyed their houses, and dug up the floors, in the hope of getting more loot. The people of Cabul will find some difference between the city taken by Mahomed Jan and General Roberts; to the credit of the British Army be it said that our men respected the honour of the women and the property of the people. It was more like the entrance of a protecting army, than an avenging force, to avenge the murder of our Embassy. Stern justice might have reduced Cabul to a heap, but justice tempered with mercy has punished the offenders and saved the innocent. The charitable dispensary in the centre of the city was a very practical evidence of our good will to the people of Cabul. The men are very heavily worked, night and day, and we have great cause to be thankful that we

have not had any snow, although it looks like snowing every day. We are expecting an attack to-day; the enemy come out into the gardens and hide behind the walls; now and then a standard-bearer takes up an advanced position and gets a few more to follow him. Nothing can exceed the wonderful smartness of these men; they are very first-class skirmishers, and take advantage of every stone. Now and then a puff of smoke lets us know where an Afghan has got within range, and the constant whizz of the bullets leaves you in no doubt as to the fact that the attack has begun. About half-past twelve the first gun was fired from Campbell's bastion, and continued until dark. The enemy kept well under cover, hardly venturing into the open ground between our wall and their villages. The wounded had to be moved out of the large tent into the veranda, as the bullets were falling rather too near the poor fellows who had escaped with their lives from the engagement on the 11th. It would have been very hard lines for the wounded to have been killed in the hospital tent. I visited them in the wards and veranda, and found one or two poor fellows very low. One poor man, who appeared to be dying, sent the man who was over him to ask me to come and pray with him. He was very attentive, and listened with evident thankfulness to the message of the love of God, who is able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come to Him. We have heard constant firing in the city, and saw a great explosion of gunpowder at the Bala Hissar; from all we hear the city people are suffering fearfully. When on the gateway I was much amused at a very clever bit of skirmishing. Some Afghans were crossing our front, and having to leave the cover of a wall for about fifty yards, they utilized a donkey for shelter. First of all the donkey was trotted out from behind the wall, and then two or three Afghans dodged behind it, and fired at us as soon as they got under cover again. The whizz of a bullet soon let us know that they could make good use of a donkey. We

are now anxiously expecting Gough's brigade to re-inforce us, and many are the questions asked in the hospital about his advance. '*Will he be able to get here?*' 'Can he get transport?' 'He must be near now,' are the kind of remarks passed round. I read Sankey's hymn, 'Hold the Fort,' and from many the hearty response came: '*Indeed we will!*' There were no doubts in their minds as to our holding Sherpore, and although the duties were very heavy, nothing daunted their determined spirits.

Sherpore, December 18th.—Had the luxury of sleeping without my heavy boots, and hope before long to get my clothes off once more; a great many in camp would give a deal for the treat I enjoyed of sleeping without my boots. The night passed quietly, but I was called before it was light by my companion, who told me that we were to be attacked in half an hour, as he rushed out of our room to look after his men, who were forming up outside the gateway. There was a great scare in camp this morning by a report that the followers of the friendly Afghan Sirdars in camp were going to set fire to all our stores of bhoosa (straw). These questionable friends were speedily turned out of camp, and the great Daod Shah, late General in Yakoob Khan's army, was made a prisoner. We should be safer without any *friendly* Sirdars in camp; for my part, I don't believe that any of them are our friends. We're simply being used by them under the pretence of friendship, to protect them against rival claimants for power and position.

Lieutenant E—— of the 72nd who was shot through the neck, is doing wonderfully well, and is remarkably cheerful. It was a very narrow escape; the ball passed through his neck, and the infinitesimal part of an inch on either side would have killed him on the spot. Captain C—— of the IXth Lancers is making a good recovery; the ball went clean through his thigh, but although in great pain he kept his seat, and came in

with his men. Contrary to all expectation, the Colonel of the IXth is still alive, but we fear there is very little hope of recovery.* I regret to hear that poor Captain Cook of the Goorkahs is not likely to recover.

The expected attack did not begin much before twelve o'clock, when the firing was very sharp at Campbell's bastion, and was kept up with a deal of spirit till dark. The enemy, according to their custom, kept well under cover, so that they did not suffer much from our fire; some of the houses must have been knocked about by our shells, as we saw a great deal of dust where they fell. On my way to the hospital I went along the rampart, but soon found it too hot to venture further; the bullets were falling all round, and one struck the ground close to my feet. One of the men turned to me and said: 'You'd better not come here, sir,' and as nothing could be gained by going further, I turned back and went down the covered veranda to the hospital wards, where I found the poor fellows anxious to know how the attack was getting on. It was very exciting and trying for them, to hear the constant rattle of the firing without being able to take any part in the engagement. I spent the greater part of the afternoon in the wards, and they were very thankful for my visit. We had very few casualties—only two or three wounded, and one Sepoy killed.

Sherpore, December 19th.—As I walked from the mess-hut last evening I felt the snow falling on my face, the first I'd felt for many years, and certainly never thought that I should be in a snow-storm at Cabul. In the morning the whole camp was about a foot deep in snow; guns, tents, huts, and walls were all thickly covered, and the whole of the ground, the trees, and the hills round Sherpore were beautifully white with snow. It was an exceedingly grand sight to see these snow-

* This brave officer, Colonel Clelland, died at Murree from the effects of the wound.

clad mountains towering one above the other, like a gigantic flight of stairs, reaching up to the lofty summits of the Hindoo Koosh. Snow in December made us all think of home, though it seemed cruel mockery to be reminded of our Fatherland by snow at Cabul. During the day I was busy helping W—— make a list of poor G——'s kit. He was a fine young officer, and an only son. He was the last man shot on that dreadful 14th when the 72nd lost so many brave men. It was a sad task to fold up half-finished letters to his father and mother. I placed them in an envelope to be sent home, with a text outside: 'My God shall supply all your need out of His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' No other power or love can supply the need of a broken heart.

All day the enemy kept up a fire on our position. We lost a fine young Artillery officer to-day close to the Bemaroo village; owing to a thick fog he didn't see that the enemy had possession of a village which he was passing, and the first intimation was a shot fired from a house, which mortally wounded him. A gallant soldier passed away to-day, from wounds he received on the 13th—Captain Cook of the Goorkahs; he had just got his brevet rank as Major, and also the much-coveted honour of V.C. for services in last year's expedition, and now, poor fellow! he leaves these well-earned honours, with all that's earthly, on this side of the grave. Neither wealth nor rewards go beyond this barrier. Men have been sent out with letters in the hope that they may reach Gough's brigade; they get twenty rupees to start with, and thirty when they return, if they ever do. They run great risk, as they are certain to be killed if the enemy suspects them of carrying letters. Should letters be found on them, they would be cut down on the spot.

Sherpore, December 20th.—It was a splendid sight this morning to see the sun rise, lighting up the snow-clad hills with pale pink and deep crimson shades of colour, making them glow

with crimson brightness, bringing vividly to mind Campbell's verse:

> 'Few, few shall part where many meet,
> The snow shall be their winding sheet,
> And every turf beneath their feet,
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

During the day two heavy pieces of ordnance were placed in position on our front bastions, to fire upon a fortified village which has given us a deal of trouble ever since we were shut in. Our men are not allowed to fire without orders, owing to the ammunition being very short. Each regiment has made a return of the number of rounds in store, and great care will be needed to prevent any needless waste by random firing. No one can tell how much depends on having sufficient when the last attack is made. Old Cromwell's orders are almost repeated, 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry;' we can say, 'Trust in God and take care of your ammunition.' The General and his Staff came round our wall to-day, and though he must have a very anxious time of it, he looked cheerful and confident as to the result. The men will stand by him to the last. Officers and men have great confidence in him. No news yet of Gough's brigade, so that we are beginning to get anxious about the relief. What anxiety there must be about us, both in India and England!

Sherpore, December 21st.—At one o'clock this morning we were turned out by the reserve falling in, as an attack was expected immediately. After keeping the men marching about till three o'clock they turned in again. The ground was covered with snow, and the cold was very severe at that early hour in the morning. Our men are ready for any emergency, and can turn out at once. All this must be exceedingly trying for the native troops. At nine o'clock the big guns opened on the village in our front, and cannonaded for about two hours. As soon as the roar had ceased, the 72nd formed up for Divine Service, under the protection of the high gateway, which prevented the

men from being hit, as the bullets went whizzing over our heads with the usual ping! ping! I read the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel by Luke, and gave a brief address, and offered a short prayer seeking deliverance and protection from our Father in Heaven. The service was necessarily very brief, but it was better than none. Surely this is a time to remember God, and to call upon Him in a time of danger. What a strange Sabbath! How unlike quiet hours where congregations have no fears and no alarms of war! Instead of church bells calling congregations, bugle notes sounded the fall-in before sunrise, and then a heavy fire told us that an attack was threatened. Guns roaring, and the rattle of the rifles, and the ping! ping! of whizzing bullets, were strange surroundings for Divine Worship.

Great regret is felt throughout the camp at the death of Major Cook, who was buried to-day. The General and Staff attended the sad service, and his brother was obliged to be carried in a dandy, owing to a wound he had received in action. It was a most affecting sight, a wounded brother attending the funeral of his brother, who was congratulated only a few weeks ago on receiving his honours, but had soon to part with them in the cold grave of Death. The death-roll of officers in this war has been very heavy; another is very dangerously ill—Colonel Clarke of the 72nd.* Had a short service in the hospital wards, which the men greatly enjoyed.

In the afternoon some of the 92nd and native troops, with two guns, went out after some Kohistanees, who were passing along the valley on the other side of the Bemaroo village. It is a good thing for them to see that we are not afraid to leave our camp when we have the least chance of attacking them. Nothing much could be done, as they soon took to the hills when they saw our troops were after them, and to follow them up the hills would have been a great waste of strength and possibly life, as none of our men can climb a

* Colonel Clarke died at Allahabad on his way home.

rough hill-side like the Afghan, who knows every path, and appears to be familiar with every rock.

Sherpore, December 22nd.—Thank God we had a quiet night; only a few shots were fired, and no one was hit. We have received the good news that Gough's brigade has crossed the Latabund Pass and may really be expected to-morrow. Last night two squadrons of Bengal Cavalry went out to meet them beyond Butkak, to show them the way in, and were fortunate in crossing the Cabul river and getting right away before they were attacked. We have been expecting the brigade so long that no one can realize the fact that Gough will really be here to-morrow, and enable us to drive Mahomed Jan out of the city. After breakfast I went down to the lines of the 92nd to see our men, and am glad to find that they are staunch to their pledges. On my way back I called in to see Captain C—— of the Lancers, and was pleased to find him making a rapid recovery. He had a wonderful escape: the man who shot him was only about eight yards off, and a second man fired still closer, but fortunately missed. In the excitement of war we are very apt to forget the lovingkindness of God in the hour of danger, and to speak of good-luck, instead of acknowledging the hand that has protected us.

The village on our front which we cannonaded yesterday doesn't seem to have suffered much; the enemy are as busy as ever firing at our gateway, and gather just as freely on the tops of their houses. These mud villages are very hard to knock down by round shot or shell, and can only be reduced by mines blowing them up.

I went round to Captain Campbell of the Artillery, and found him busy making a list of poor M——'s kit. This sad and dreary task takes away the glitter and glory of war. In this case a fine young officer struck down in the strength of his manhood, leaving brother officers to regret his loss to the service, and those who are nearer and dearer to grieve over the memory of a loved

one fallen in battle. The auction of a soldier's kit is a strange contrast to such feelings of regret and grief. The auctioneer tries to realize high prices by a joke or extravagant description of a comb or brush, but no hearty laugh is raised or heard. Eager faces look sad and thoughtful, at times trying hard to smile; but the whisper, 'It may be my turn next,' makes every one feel that a war auction is a sad and sorrowful gathering. News has come in that the cavalry have lost three killed and ten wounded. They were attacked at Butkak on their way to Latabund. We may expect Gough to-morrow, and not a day too soon; our men are almost worn out with constant duty. Nobly have these brave fellows guarded our camp night and day since the eleventh of the month.

Sherpore, December 23rd.—I was aroused by the tramp of men outside our window, and discovered that the 72nd were falling in, and before we were outside our quarters, a loud voice shouted in the gateway, 'Turn out, we're attacked!' A bitterly cold turn-out, in the dark, it was; and not a moment before they were wanted, for soon volley after volley rattled away in stern reality by the Bemaroo village. It was evidently hot work, and a very desperate fight between an overwhelming force of Afghans on the weakest part of our defences; but our troops were well able to hold their own, and poured a deadly fire upon the advancing enemy, who made a sharp attack at this point. Our men of the 92nd and 67th never flinched for a second, and eventually drove the enemy from the village. While this fighting was going on at Bemaroo, a very strong force threatened our front; and long before they fired a single shot, they were howling and tom-toming* to screw up courage to come on, and drive us out of Sherpore, as they had vainly boasted they would. For days they had been busy making scaling-ladders, and had no doubt as to the result: but little did they know of the endurance and

* Tom-toming—beating drums.

courage of British soldiers.—The attack commenced at half-past five, and thanks to a friendly Hindoo in the city, we were prepared; he came last night and told them at headquarters that the great Afghan Moollah, Muskee Allam, would throw some powder on one of their fires on the Asmai heights at half-past five this morning, which would be a signal for the attack to begin; and as soon as the flash flared up on the hill-top, rattle went the musketry of Mahomed Jan's force, which had succeeded in stealthily creeping up to the village outside our earthworks at Bemaroo. Fortunately for us, we were ready for them, and, thanks to being forewarned, we were waiting for the signal to attack. How little did the great Moollah think that British soldiers in Sherpore were anxiously waiting for his signal! When I saw the blaze on the Asmai Hill, I felt extremely thankful that all the troops were under arms and ready for the attack. After the enemy had been repulsed at the Bemaroo village, they opened upon our front, and got standards planted within three hundred yards of our gateway. The broken walls, and village afforded them excellent cover, which they used very skilfully, taking advantage of every bit of shelter. The bullets were flying about in all directions, and the constant ping! ping! made us realize that it was a determined attack on every side of our camp. No sooner were they beaten at one point than we saw a standard erected at another. Sometimes the Ghazees went forward a great distance in advance of the main body, and waited until they came up to the standard, and then they raised a fearful howl as they assembled near the flag. When our fire was too hot for them to assemble, they stuck the flag in the ground and left it, in the hope that they would be able to take up the position at some other time. One man succeeded in planting a standard not far from the Headquarters Gateway, but he was soon driven from his advanced position. After the defeat at Bemaroo in the morning, they never ventured into open ground, or made anything like an orderly

attack upon our front. The scaling-ladders had to be kept under cover. From our gateway we saw a man who was engaged the whole day in dragging away the bodies of men who fell, under cover of some wall, to be taken away after dark. The Afghans are singularly careful in carrying away their dead. I watched four men carrying the body of a dead man from a village, and as soon as they came from the cover of the wall our men fired; then they threw the body against another wall, jumped over with astonishing rapidity, and then pushed the wall down so as to reach the body, round which they tied a pugree, and then they dragged it under cover. Maybe they fear that we shall mutilate their dead as they have done ours, and therefore do their utmost to carry them off the field.

In the afternoon I noticed a heliograph signal flashed from Butkak, by which we knew that Gough would soon be at Sherpore, but unfortunately a day too late to co-operate with us in defending our camp and dispersing the Afghan army.

As the enemy drew off from our front, a party of engineers, supported by infantry, went out to blow up some of the villages which had given shelter to the enemy during the day, when, unfortunately, a very sad accident threw a gloom over the victory which our brave troops had gained. A mine had been made under a large tower in the village, and, by some mistake, time was not given for the fusee to burn down to the mine. After waiting some time, the officers went to see why the mine had not exploded, but before they could escape, the explosion took place, and killed two very brave and able men—one a V.C., Captain Dundas, and the other Lieutenant Nugent. In another village an Engineer officer had an exceedingly narrow escape. The men were busy mining a tower, and while he was examining the rooms, which he supposed were empty, a shot was fired from the inside of the room, wounding him in the shoulder. By the flash he could see several Afghans in the

room, and, in spite of the wound, he had courage to shut the door and fasten it just before the mine was fired. At sunset the enemy drew off from the attack, and assembled on the rising ground in front of the Bala Hissar, as though they were waiting for the approach of Gough's brigade, which by this time had halted at the Logar River, about six miles from our position. It must have been very tantalizing for his force to hear the firing all day, and not to be near enough to render any assistance. If the brigade had only arrived before noon, or early in the afternoon, the defeat of Mahomed Jan's army would have been most complete.

We cannot sufficiently thank God for the deliverance He has given us out of the hands of a cruel and merciless enemy. Our losses have been very trifling, estimated at sixty killed and wounded; while the enemy is thought to have lost between four and five hundred. The Afghan army is supposed to have numbered 60,000, while our strength was little more than 6,000; but it was a brave and resolute army, led by able and fearless officers, and commanded by a determined and skilful General, who has the confidence of every soldier in camp: which is the secret of the power of the Cabul Field Force. None of us will ever forget the 23rd of December, and may none of us forget to remember the mercy of our God in the hour of peril and danger!

CHAPTER VII.

THE RELIEF OF SHERPORE.

Sherpore, December 24th.—I awoke this morning to the tramp of men falling in, so as to be ready in case of a renewed attack being made on our camp. The dead silence which prevailed soon proved that the enemy had withdrawn; the white

snow was untrodden, and not a sound heard. Smoking villages on our front were the only remaining signs of yesterday's fight; the dark columns of smoke appeared blacker by reason of the pure whiteness of the snow, which had fallen during the night and covered the high mountain-ranges of the Hindoo Koosh, as well as the neighbouring heights of Siah Sung. The perfect stillness was a striking contrast to yesterday's constant firing, and the calmness in camp was a great relief to the bustle of yesterday's engagement: it was peaceful rest, making all feel the blessedness of peace. No sharp rifle-crack, no pinging bullets, no booming guns, no clattering squadrons of cavalry, no wounded carried into camp in dhoolies, but calm and peaceful rest. The struggle was over, and our brave men had proved themselves capable of holding their own and defending their camp against overwhelming numbers.

After breakfast, the 72nd marched out to take possession of the village which had given us so much trouble by sheltering the Afghans who had kept up a constant fire upon our gateway. The village had been deserted, and everything valuable had been carried away.—The loot was very humble stuff; it consisted of wood, bhoosa, huge cabbages, and a few birds (fighting quail) in cages.—It was a great treat to have the gateway cleared, and to go outside without any danger of being fired at.

Soon after eleven I saw the advanced-guard of Gough's brigade coming over the snow at the base of the Siah Sung range of hills; our cavalry held the ground while they marched in—unfortunately, one day too late. It seems they heard the firing all yesterday, but were unable to get up in time to take part in the action; a great mortification to the whole brigade. We now know the reason the brigade could not get up sooner: the whole country had risen, and they were obliged to halt and engage the enemy at Jugdulluk. In crossing the Latabund Pass they lost one hundred and fifty baggage animals.—Fresh

regiments are now being pushed up from India, so that the line of communication will soon be re-opened.

There is a marked change in the faces of all in camp. For the last ten days there has been no quiet joke or pleasant smile. Everyone felt we were in a grave position, and an earnest determination to be faithful in the struggle was seen on every countenance. Cabulee boys are coming in screaming out '*Gurm rotee!*' ('Hot bread!'), and the guard at the gate has great delight in stopping Cabulee swells who have not got passes. No one is allowed into camp without a pass from the political officer. I overheard one of the men say, 'It's all over now; here are boxes of grapes and *gurm rotee.*' It seems remarkable that these people have confidence to come up to the gateway to sell grapes, etc., after feeding our enemies when they were in possession of the city. What a difference they must find in our paying them, and Mahomed Jan's men cutting their throats and blowing them up with powder!

The 9th Regiment marched in with Gough's brigade, and had to wait in the snow for their baggage and tents to come up. I went over to their camp, and found our men glad to see me, and pleased to bear testimony to the benefit of abstaining from liquor on the line of march. It was an exceedingly cold camping-ground; the snow had to be cleared away before they could pitch their tents, and then there was very little straw or dry grass for the men to lie down upon. Everyone had some wonderful story to tell of the march from Gundamuck, of dāks which had been looted, of passes which had been held against them, and of baggage that had to be left behind as the column was pressed on all sides by Afghans.

The 5th has marched on from Jellalabad to Jugdulluk, but half the regiment had to remain at Safeed Sung to hold the fort. All the outposts came on with Gough to our relief, so that the line between Jugdulluk and this will have to be re-occupied.

It is very interesting, as well as remarkable, to notice the great similarity between the movements of the Afghans in this campaign and those in 1842, showing that the traditions of 1842 have been cherished with extraordinary exactness, and the tale repeated over many an Afghan fire. The history of that war is better known among the children of Cabul than in the schools of England. Fathers have told it to their children, and women have gossiped over it at the river-side, and travelling merchants have passed many an hour over a camp-fire in narrating the tragic events connected with the wild mountain passes of Afghanistan.

In 1842 Akbar Khan sent a message to General Elphinstone that he would protect him through the passes if he would evacuate the cantonment, and unfortunately he accepted the terms, and lost the whole of his army, between Cabul and Jellalabad, Dr. Bryden being the sole survivor to reach Sir Robert Sale at that fort. In 1879 the same overtures were made to General Roberts, but he was made of sterner stuff than the officer who commanded in 1842, and refused to trust the promise of an Afghan Sirdar, and it was well for us he did. The Bemaroo village was the very place where our camp in 1842 had been attacked, and where the first reverse was sustained; but the attack in 1879 was gallantly defended, the enemy leaving their slain on the field and retreating to the hills for safety. Then the attack at Jugdulluk was repeated, the unfortunate pass where hundreds of our men and camp-followers were massacred by the troops of Akbar Khan, who had pledged his word to see them safely out of the country. How thankful everyone must be that the events only were repeated, and not the disasters! In every case our troops held their positions and defeated the Afghans.

A force under General Hill went into the city and took possession of the Kotwal without a shot being fired. The city had been looted from end to end, many houses having been

blown up, and foundations dug up in the hope of finding money. We are hearing fearful stories of the cruelties of the Afghans, who murdered many of the Hindoos and turned their wives out into the bazaar naked. Some of the Hindoo merchants were blown up on heaps of powder, because they were supposed to have secreted their money; nothing could exceed the inhuman treatment of the people by Mahomed Jan's troops. It is to be hoped that the Cabulees gratefully remembered the manner in which our troops occupied the city, and how everything was honestly paid for in the bazaar, and a charitable dispensary opened for the sick and diseased. Just before sunset, Yakoob Khan's mother and her women were brought in prisoners. They came into camp on camels, covered, as Afghan women usually are, with white cloth, turning them into shapeless masses of white bag-like bundles of cotton. The mother of Yakoob has shown great shrewdness and force of character in planning and carrying out the rising of the tribes. She provided the money, and gave orders to the Moollahs, and promised Mahomed Jan's troops lacs of rupees and tons of gunpowder for a reward, if they would drive the English army out of Cabul. They got the rupees and powder, but could not drive our army away from Cabul. Great must have been her mortification to find herself a prisoner in Sherpore, instead of having Mahomed Jan and his army quartered there.

Christmas Day, December 25th.—Christmas morning! How we thought of home to-day; and how sadly we remembered the names of those whose graves were white with snow this Christmas Day at Cabul. It was impossible to wish anyone a merry Christmas. Our hospital wards and verandas were crowded with sick and wounded, and there were absent faces at every mess-table, reminding us of the deadly character of war. The long list of killed and wounded was too fresh in our minds to make it a merry Christmas. I visited the hospital wards,

and found the men very glad to have a word of good cheer. General Roberts went round the hospital, and had kind words for the wounded, and a pleasant smile for the sick, as he passed through the wards. The men are very much attached to him, and he is exceedingly thoughtful of their wants.

During the day the following message came into camp from the Queen: '*My heart bleeds for the loss of life, so great among officers, and hope the wounded are doing well, and that peace will soon be restored.*' Every heart could respond most sincerely, 'Amen.'

I passed some men warming themselves by a large fire, and overheard them say, 'We should do for a group in the *Illustrated*;' and an exceedingly fine group they would have made as they squatted round their camp-fire, telling of the hair-breadth escapes they had during the various attacks.

The signallers on the Headquarters Gate have made a large snow-man over the General's quarters. The snow-covered hills reminded us of Christmas at home. Our hearts were sad in thinking of the severe losses we had sustained, and of homes and hearts that would always remember the Cabul Christmas of 1879 with sorrow and grief. In some homes an only son had been cut down in his early manhood; in some a loving father had perished in the struggle; and we could only ask ourselves, 'What can compensate the broken-hearted widow and the sorrow-stricken mother?'—nothing, but this—they died doing their duty. They fell in a dreadful conflict, and died for their country—a soldier's death; faithful to the end! While we honour the brave suffering of our soldiers in the time of conflict, let us not forget to remember the goodness and mercy of our God, who has given us the victory over our enemies. During those days of anxiety, how many prayers were ascending up to God on our behalf; and we believe that the prayers of God's people were heard and answered. The thought, 'They are praying for us at home,' gave us confidence to trust

in God in every hour of peril; and now that we have been relieved from danger, let us neither forget nor forsake the hand that delivered us, nor the lovingkindness that saved us. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His lovingkindness and tender mercies.

Our Christmas dinner was very cheering. After the constant meat ration, it was a treat to have duck and green peas—also a very fine plum-pudding made out of Cabul raisins, and then for dessert apples and grapes. The pipers started their music again, a most peaceful sign, and we hope a happy indication that the Cabul War is over, and this the last Christmas-day that British soldiers will ever spend in Cabul.

Friday, December 26th.—Having a little leisure this morning, I walked as far as the Bemaroo village, where the brunt of the attack was made on the 23rd of December. The defences appeared to be very slight; the huts of the 3rd Sikhs made the outer rampart, on which a kind of parapet had been made by the branches of trees being placed along the top, and at the end of the line of huts earthworks were thrown up; and then beyond, wire entanglement lined the whole front. The 67th, 3rd Sikhs, and 28th Native Infantry had an exceedingly hot time of it on the morning of the attack. It was so dark that fire-balls had to be thrown up to enable the men to see the enemy, who were in great numbers and quite close to the earthworks; but our brave fellows were ready waiting for the attack, and unflinchingly stood their ground: their deadly volleys at last told upon the enemy, and turned the attack into a defeat.

Now that men had got a little breathing-time, auctions were being held at different parts of the camp; and although a laugh might be raised at a far-fetched joke, everyone felt that it was a dismal affair to be selling the effects of a brother officer or soldier comrade who had fallen in the struggle of the previous days. As a matter of course, everything was sold at

fabulous prices; at one auction, six pairs of woollen socks were sold for seventy rupees.

News is constantly coming in of the fearful amount of cruelty and robbery which have taken place during the occupation of Cabul by Mahomed Jan: one Hindoo banker had been looted to the extent of two lacs of rupees, and fearfully beaten as well, and his house completely wrecked.

We are daily expecting to have the line of communication opened, and hope it will not be delayed a single hour longer than necessary, as everyone in camp is exceedingly anxious to be brought in communication with the outer world. A company of the 9th Regiment and a squadron of the 12th Bengal Cavalry went out to Butkak to reoccupy the old camp at that village. An expedition is to march to-morrow up the Kohistan Valley, and a desperately cold time the men will have of it, as the valleys and hills are covered with snow.

No one is allowed to go into the city, as there is a strong impression that the Bala Hissar is undermined. Great care is very necessary; these treacherous creatures would delight in decoying the troops into the city, or Bala Hissar, and then blowing them to atoms. The whole of the ground is to be carefully examined by the Engineers before our troops take possession of the place.

Saturday, December 27th.—This morning the Kohistan Expedition marched out under the command of General Baker. The following troops left camp: the 67th, 2nd Ghoorkhas, a Sepoy regiment and a mule battery, and a Native Cavalry regiment.

I paid a visit to our men in the 9th Regiment. Their camp was in a fearful condition of mud; the snow had melted and made the whole place a perfect slough of despond. Although the camp was very dismal, the men were wonderfully bright. To make matters worse, straw is exceedingly scarce; but they managed to cover the ground inside the tents with enough to

lie upon. As soon as the Bala Hissar is pronounced safe, the regiment will march there.

On my way back to the 72nd Gateway, I passed a soldier's auction, and heard the eloquent auctioneer telling his comrades that whoever bought a pair of blacking-brushes would never be checked on parade for dirty boots, quite forgetting that there was not a bottle of blacking in the whole camp; discipline had got very far beyond a blacking-pot. On active service no one thought about blacking for boots, or pipe-clay for belts; it was a great thing to have men to stand and fight in them, and doubtless the want of blacking would not diminish their courage. After the brushes came a blanket; and the purchasers were told that 'it was so light that they need not be afraid of requiring an extra baggage-pony. Warmth without weight is what you want, and here you have got it.' So the auction went on, amidst a great deal of joking over some poor fellow's effects, who was killed only a few days ago on the Asmai heights.

Sunday, December 28th.—There was no reason to be afraid of an alarm this Sabbath morning; the regular parade service was held close to the mess-house; the 72nd Highlanders formed a square, with the drums piled in the centre for a pulpit. My subject was 'Fidelity': 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' The men were very attentive, and appeared to feel the importance of fidelity to God as well as to man. Of all men, the true soldier knows what is meant by fidelity. How many officers and men had proved their fidelity to duty by dying at their posts, literally being faithful unto death! After service I went through the hospital, and read and prayed with the men in the different wards. The men seemed very thankful for my visit; and when I sat down on one of the cots, they came round to listen to the word of everlasting truth. It was pleasant to be able to cheer the sick and wounded with a message of Divine love,

and unite in prayer that God would restore them. Later on in the afternoon, I had a service in the band-room, and one or two officers who heard about it came in.

During the day one of the guns we lost on the 14th was brought into camp, and they expect to find the other in the same place. It seems that the enemy found them too heavy to carry away, and threw them into a tank about six miles from the camp.

The first dâk (post) left camp to-day with a strong escort of cavalry for Jugdulluk, where they expect to meet the dâk from India, and we fervently hope that the mail-bags will be brought in safely.

Monday, December 29th.—In the middle of the night we had a fearful alarm of fire: I awoke nearly suffocated, and went into my neighbour's quarters and found him fast asleep, while the sparks were falling into the room. There was a good deal of shouting, but no great harm was done beyond burning the floor; the fire was soon put out by a few cans of water being thrown over it. It was an exceedingly fortunate thing it was discovered before the fire had gone too far, or the whole of the quarters in the gateway would have been reduced to a heap of ashes. The only inconvenience was caused by turning out of a warm bed into a bitterly cold night.

A poor fellow sent for me after dark from the hospital, and I fear he will hardly live through the night; after praying with him, I spoke to him about the wondrous love of God in saving us from our sin, and when I had finished, I asked him if he had understood all I had said about Christ receiving sinners. 'Oh yes, sir, you're a gentleman that speaks very plainly,' was his reply. May the Lord grant him faith to believe the promise so fully given, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

A man from the city told me that Mahomed Jan had taken away about fourteen lacs of loot, and a very great quantity

of gunpowder; he also said that the tribes would return in March and sweep us out of Cabul. It is possible, however, that he may have made some mistake in his calculations: instead of sweeping us out, he may be snuffed out.

Tuesday, December 30th.—Made arrangements for our New Year's Temperance Meeting. Our good fellows in the 72nd undertook to fit up one of their verandas for a Temperance Hall, so we may be sure of a place for our meeting, and hope it won't be too cold for the men; for an open air meeting with snow on the ground is trying, even for teetotalers. Several Cabulees came into camp from the city with furs and carpets for sale. One man, from whom I bought some furs, complained most terribly of the cruelty of the Afghans under Mahomed Jan; they were allowed to do just as they liked, without the least restraint being put upon them. Men, women, and children suffered fearfully during the reign of terror which existed under the governorship of the Afghan Sirdar.

Wednesday, December 31st.—The Kohistan brigade returned to-day after destroying a good many villages. The cold was very intense, and the men, especially the native troops, suffered very much; several times they had to camp on ground covered with snow. After this there will be no more expeditions until we get milder weather. This demonstration was absolutely necessary, as the Kohistanee chiefs had violated all the promises they made to us before the outbreak on the 10th, when, instead of remaining faithful, they joined Mahomed Jan's force and materially strengthened him against us.

We hear that the old Ghuznee Moollah is preaching a Jehad among the tribes in the Lugman Valley, and that there is fighting at Jugdulluk. This will be exceedingly unfortunate, and may possibly detain us longer, as the convoy will not start unless the road is considered safe. Sir Charles W—— starts to-morrow with General Kennedy's party; and if they get through

safely, I suppose we shall follow with the convoy of sick and wounded. I went over to General Roberts's quarters, and was very kindly received. The General's room is of the plainest

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS, BART., G.C.B., ETC.

description—a camp-bed on one side, and a table on the other full of papers. Everything is in keeping with his plain soldier-like character. He seemed pleased to hear of the

number of Temperance men in camp, and is exceedingly proud of his Cabul force; and well he may be; they are some of the finest men in India, and he could never have held his own against the swarms of Afghans if they had not been good soldiers. Nothing is allowed to pass the General's notice; he takes the deepest interest in everything which pertains to the welfare and comfort of his men. It is gratifying to find a General proud of his men, and men who are equally proud of their General.

Our Temperance Meeting at night was a great success. The men made the large verandah of the barracks very comfortable; tent kanāts were put up between the pillars so as to enclose the verandah, and to some extent keep out the cold wind; rough pieces of wood, and beams from the Bala Hissar, were put across the verandah on bricks, for seats; and at the end a large round table; couches and chairs, which once adorned the Ameer's palace, were placed for the officers. Candles were stuck on the pillars and on pieces of wood driven into the mud wall of the barrack, and a glass chandelier adorned the round table; this furniture was kindly lent to us for the evening by the officer in charge of the Ameer's property which was taken at the capture of the Bala Hissar.

In spite of the bitter cold, our verandah was soon crowded with men, and numbers stood outside, on the other side of the kanāt, where they could hear just as well as inside. We had men from every part of the camp, and the fur caps and poshteens and rough Bokhara cloth coats gave the audience a particularly 'rough and ready' kind of look; men with sunburnt faces, who had marched victoriously through the passes of Afghanistān, beaten the Ameer's forces at Charisiab, and held their own against Mahomed Jān at Sherpore, were now met together to receive their Afghan Silver Bars of Honour which the Association presented to men who had faithfully kept their pledges during the campaign. We opened the meeting by sing-

ing 'Hold the Fort,' and heartily did these brave fellows sing out this soldierly hymn. I then stood on a chair and gave a Temperance Address to an exceedingly attentive audience of men in warlike trim, ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and do their duty. At the close of my address the honours were distributed, and several new pledges taken.

This being New Year's Eve, we had a special prayer-meeting in my room at half-past eleven, when the following officers attended: Major A Battye of the Gqorkahs, Captain Campbell of the Artillery, Captain Hunt of the Commissariat, and Lieutenant G. Scott Moncrieff of the Engineers. Mr. Manson, the Presbyterian Chaplain of the 92nd, and one or two other officers were prevented from coming How much we all had to be thankful for! our lives had been spared during the war, and we were able to seek Divine guidance for another year.

Exactly at midnight, thud went the big drum of the Highlanders, and then the band struck up a rattling good-bye to the Old Year; what with both the bands of the Highland regiments, the screaming of the pipes, and the singing and shouting of the men, there was no sleep till after three o'clock. Up and down the camp they went, keeping up the old Scotch custom of seeing the Old Year out and welcoming the New Year in, which they call Hogmoonay—why? no Scotchman could tell me. A very good story was told of their visit to the General, who knew something about this Scotch custom, and had one of his aides waiting for the Highlanders who were sure to pay him a visit, to wish him 'A happy New Year.' When the men got to his quarters one of them went up to the door, and was met by the aide-de-camp, who told him that the men couldn't see the General, as he was very tired and had turned in. The stalwart Highlander was not to be put aside by an answer like this, and pushed into the room, saying, 'We don't want to see none of your aides-de-camp,' and went up to the General, who was

either asleep or pretending to be asleep, and said in the softest tones, '*Gineral! Gineral!* if ye only ken how the men love ye, ye'd come oot and see them.' This, as a matter of course, fetched the General, who went out to wish them 'A happy New Year,' and then the men wished the General 'A happy New Year,' and made the camp ring with their loud and hearty cheers for the General they were proud to serve; and then away they went, with their bands going rub-a-dub-dub! and the bagpipes screaming and the men shouting. I was very thankful when they had done playing in 1880.

Thursday, January 1st, 1880.—New Year's Day. How recollections of past New Years came to mind, when friends came with the pleasant greeting, 'A happy New Year!' To make up for the absence of loved ones at home, I set myself the pleasant task of writing home-letters, and can only hope that the mail-bags will get safely through to India, or some Afghan may find amusement in opening letters he can neither read nor understand. In the afternoon I went through the hospital wards to give the poor fellows a New Year's friendly greeting, and many a sad face raised a faint smile at the old familiar welcome of another year. How past memories are stirred by simply wishing one another, 'A happy New Year!' For my New Year's text I took, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

I went down to the lines of the 92nd, and found many of the men, who seemed to be still welcoming the New Year, very much the worse for liquor; one man invited me into the barrack, just, as he said, to drink in the New Year. I went inside and found others far gone, and certainly in a condition in which it would be impossible for them to know when the Old Year ended, or when the New Year began. I took the opportunity of suggesting that they would have been in a happier condition if they had been abstainers, and I promised to wish them 'A happy New Year' provided they would sign the pledge; but this they were not disposed to do. This drinking

was confined to one company, and I am thankful that our men stood firmly through the temptation of the New Year's carouse.

Friday, January 2nd.—General Kennedy's party started this morning; they are known in camp as the 'Great Picnic Party.' No one seems to understand what brought the gallant General so far to the front to look after his camels, mules, and donkeys, belonging to the Transport Department, of which he is head. This valuable head was nearly knocked off by a bullet passing too close to it, on the top of the 72nd Gateway. I was standing on the top close to the parapet-wall, and heard the ping of a bullet, when the General's head bent more hurriedly than gracefully as it whizzed over him. We shall be anxious to hear how he gets through the Passes, as we know there is fighting at Jugdulluk. I hope he will be able to take care of his head should the bullets come too near again. The commission is still busy trying the men who were brought in. One man was supposed to be implicated in the massacre of Cavagnari, because Cavagnari's parrot was found in his possession, but which he could satisfactorily account for, having received it from the Ameer after the massacre. Others were not so fortunate. They were the head-men from one of the Chardeh villages; I saw them just before they were taken out of camp to be hanged, and they looked quite indifferent to the sentence which was going to be carried out. I heard of a prisoner who escaped in a very curious manner; his name was Mahomet Ali, and it seems there was another Mahomet Ali in another tent, and the officer who called for Mahomet Ali went to the wrong tent and released the wrong man, so this man got the benefit of having the same name as the man who was ordered to be released. I am very much afraid that some of these treacherous Afghan Sirdars who are supposed to be friendly are using us for the purpose of getting their rivals put out of the way, by bringing cases against them, and making it impossible for the political officers to test the evidence satisfactorily.

Saturday, January 3rd.—None of the Sherpore garrison will ever forget this day: to most of us a day of great joy, and to some a day of sorrow. The arrival of the mail threw the whole camp into great excitement. As the yaboos trotted through the gateway with their letter-bags swinging at either side, and the cavalry escort clattering after them, a general rush was made to the Post-Office tent, where generals, colonels, staff officers, and private soldiers were anxiously waiting for long-expected letters. It was soon found impossible for the Post-Office staff to get through the sorting, so the letter-bags were emptied on the ground, and several officers as well as the regimental postmen set to work sorting them. Every now and then a cry was raised, 'Here's a letter for you! now be off;' and again, 'When will you find mine?' Every time a letter was held up half a dozen hands would be stretched out to receive it, and the Postmaster wanted to leave the sorting till the next day, as it was very near sunset; but the feeling outside the tent was too strong for his regulations, and the heaps of letters were sorted before dark, and only the unopened bags kept till the next day. As my letters had all been put in one large envelope and registered, I had to hunt for mine inside the tent where they were being sorted; and just as the Postmaster had said, 'There's no letter for you,' I caught sight of my letter and snatched it out of the heap, and replied, 'Why, here it is.' After being shut off from the outside world since December 11th, no one can imagine the joy we had in receiving home-letters.

In the evening I went over to the 92nd lines, where the Christian men of the Gordon Highlanders were giving a tea to their comrades in camp. A row of tents had been pitched, and wooden planks made good tables, and rough beams excellent seats; candles were stuck along the tables, and everyone looked cheerful and happy at their Sherpore '*Tea-fight*.' The cakes and 'shortbread' were very good, in fact

far better than the cakes usually served at tea-meetings; the men had made them, and having been bakers in the land of cakes, did credit to old Scotland in providing, in the wild hills of Afghanistan, cakes that would have found plenty to appreciate them in their own far-off land. Our warm-hearted Highlanders were greatly delighted at the well deserved praise we bestowed upon their excellent entertainment. Mr. Manson, the Presbyterian Chaplain, Captain Campbell, Lieutenant Scott Moncrieff, and Lieutenant Gompetz were present. After I had given an address, I had to attend the meeting of the 67th in their lines. The meeting was held in one of the barracks, the men having rolled up their bedding, and stuck candles on projecting bits of brick from the wall. I stood on a rough kind of platform raised about a foot from the ground. A very interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation of Afghan bars to those who had kept their pledges through the campaign.

On my way back to my quarters at the other end of the camp, an old soldier of the —— regiment came up and asked me if I remembered him, which I instantly did, as Sergeant —— had been one of our best workers at Agra. He gave me a sad account of the way in which he had been led astray, and how he had left both the Temperance Society and the Bible class. At Lucknow he was made a sergeant, when he found that the temptations of the sergeants' mess were too much for him, and he even asked his commanding officer to be allowed to resign his stripes, and go back as a private to the ranks; but this was not sanctioned, as he was a man of good character and had the confidence of his colonel. After refusing to drink for many months, some of the sergeants were determined to make him break his pledge, and adopted the wicked and deceitful trick of putting gin into some lemonade he was drinking without his knowledge; as soon as he tasted the liquor the old passion was aroused, and he drank, going to bed drunk that

night, and for several nights. He now felt disgraced, and kept away from his Christian comrades, and soon became careless and forgetful of all that was good. He was sent from the regiment, on the breaking out of the war, in charge of a signalling-party; and now that he was away from his drinking companions, he began to recognise the danger through which he had passed, and earnestly desired to return to God, whom he had forgotten and neglected.

He came into my room, where we prayed together, and where, I am thankful to say, he signed the pledge again, with the resolve neither to break it nor forget God. May he remain faithful and true to the pledge he has again taken.

Sunday, January 4th.—As soon as I got up I went over to the Post-Office tent to inquire for more letters, but the rigid Post-Office official refused to relax the regulation hour for transacting business. The only answer I could get from this cross-grained creature was, that he would send my letters by the usual delivery. Fortunately for me, I had marched with the Inspector of Post Offices from Gundamuck, and so picked up an acquaintanceship with him; and being of a genial disposition, I thought he might relax the rules in my favour. I found him dressing, and at last persuaded him to allow me to hunt for my letter in the unopened bag lying in his room, when I was soon rewarded by finding another packet containing home-letters.

This morning both the Highland regiments had service together; the 72nd marched down to the 92nd, where Mr. Manson, the Presbyterian Chaplain, officiated. I enjoyed the service very much. The band of the 92nd played, and the men sang a psalm and a hymn very nicely; the music sounded very clear and sweet as the old tunes rang out in all their distinctness, reminding us of more peaceful Sabbaths in the solemn congregation of the sanctuary at home. In the evening I had an Evangelistic meeting in the tents where

we had the tea-meeting in the 92nd lines. The tents were crowded, and some good, I hope, was done. During the day I went through the hospital wards for the last time, and had my last service with the men, who had become endeared to me in a time of great peril and danger. As I wished them good-bye in each ward, the men responded, 'I wish you a safe journey, sir.' Poor fellows! many out of these wards will return home invalids for life, while many have been carried to their last resting-place on earth, the silent grave, which will remain as a sad and lasting record of our occupation of Cabul, long after our troops have vacated Afghanistan.

This afternoon a telegram from the Queen was received in camp, congratulating the Cabul Field Force on its successful defence of Sherpore on the 23rd. It was to this effect, 'Thanking her brave soldiers for fighting so bravely and gaining so great a victory.' Who can feel more thankful than those of us who owe our lives to their steadiness and courage? It is to be hoped that many have remembered to acknowledge the goodness of God in giving us the victory over our enemies, as well as thanking our brave soldiers for their courageous defence of our camp against the overwhelming hordes of Afghanistan.

At the meetings held in the camp at Sherpore, I presented the following number of Afghan honours. The honour was a silver bar, with '*Afghanistan*, 1879,' in raised letters on the bar, to be worn with the Temperance medal. The greatest number of bars was given to the 67th, which received sixty; the 72nd Highlanders, fifty-four; the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, forty-three; the 9th Regiment, twenty-eight; the 9th Lancers, ten; Artillery, one; Commissariat, three; and officers, three: total, two hundred and two. In addition to the men who received this special honour, we have about two hundred who have joined the Association during the campaign, and we hope they will get a bar at its termination.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN MARCH.

Butkak, January 5th.—The events of 1842 are revived by the very dates on which several events took place; for instance, our first fall of snow in 1879 was on the same day as in 1842, and now our first convoy of sick and wounded leaves Sherpore only a day before the unfortunate army of 1842 started on their fatal march to India. They marched on January the 6th, 1842, and were cruelly massacred in the Jugdulluk Pass on the 13th. We are leaving on the 5th, and hope to get safely through the Pass about the 8th. Everybody seemed to be on the move before sunrise, although only a few of the sick and wounded are leaving. I rode over to the transport lines, and succeeded in getting some very fair ponies for my baggage; as they are sending a great many down the line, I got a very liberal allowance of five instead of three. After a hurried breakfast I got my baggage-ponies packed, and everything was soon ready for a start. The little room in the 72nd Gateway which had sheltered me from the snow of winter and the deadly bullets of Afghan rifles will always be remembered with much thankfulness, as a place of refuge in a time of great peril. The kindness of Colonel Brownlow and the officers of the 72nd will ever be cherished by me with much gratitude, for their kind hospitality in the mess-hut at Sherpore. The different camps, the hospital wards, and the silent little cemetery have memories which can never be forgotten. Who of the Sherpore camp will ever forget the dangers it passed through, or the wonderful deliverance on the 23rd of December?

Outside the walls we had a strange gathering of camels, mules, yaboos, and donkeys, nearly 2,000 all told. Then we had the gathering of dhoolie-bearers, and their dismal dhoolies. Our sick and wounded consisted of seven officers, seven men,

and forty-six Sepoys. The 14th Bengal Lancers formed our escort. A long delay of two hours took place before we were really on our way. Groups of friends gathered round the different dhoolies, and many a comrade in saying 'good-bye' couldn't refrain from expressing the wish of his heart by saying, 'I wish I could get away.' At length the bugle of the Lancers told us to mount and walk, the last 'good-bye' or 'good-luck' was exchanged, the last wave of a cap from the old gateway, and our backs were turned towards Sherpore. We passed a working-party of the 72nd busy knocking down the walls of a village that had given us a deal of trouble during the fighting. One more good-bye was given by these brave Highlanders, who said most heartily, 'I hope you'll get back safely, sir.' As we went along the road on the other side of 'Siah Sung,' we saw a good many dead bodies which had not been removed since the fight on the twenty-third of December. None of the city people turned out to see us pass, and nothing of interest enlivened the dreary march to our first camping-ground at Butkak, where we arrived before dark. The ground was wet on which we camped, and could hardly be otherwise, as the night before it had been thickly covered with snow. Of all the cold nights we had passed through, this was the coldest; the ground was damp with snow-water, and a sharp frost made our first night under canvas very trying. Some of the sick were taken into the Afghan fort in the village, which is held by a company of the 9th Regiment. When I turned in for the night, I added to the clothes I had on my sheepskin poshteen and boots, which, with the addition of a fur cap, made me comfortably warm.

Latabund, January 6th.—We were a long time starting, and the poor unfortunate natives were almost useless from the cold. Of all miserable creatures none could look more miserable than the dhoolie-bearers, as they stood shivering, or squatting together over the ashes of a camp-fire that had long

ago burnt itself out, waiting for the sun to warm them for the day's work. It never seemed to dawn upon them that they might warm themselves by increased activity; a very energetic doctor's boot and stick were the only warming influences that stirred them up to work. When once they got on the trot with the dhoolie, they seemed to forget their troubles, and got relief in the dismal chant of 'Ram, Ram,' as they carried their burdens on to the next camp.

The Latabund camp is just at the foot of the zigzag road which has been made up the first ascent of the Pass. We were too large a convoy to get into the lines, so had to pitch our camp outside. Several of the officers in the lines had dug out the centre of their tents and made a fire at the end, and by a simple contrivance a fireplace was dug in the side, and a hole at the top, outside the tent, made an excellent chimney. The mess-tent of the 24th Native Infantry was very warm and snug; candles were rather scarce, so that they had to be blown out until dinner came on, and then each one contributed his bit of candle, in some cases a very small bit out of a lantern, towards the general illumination of the dinner-table; then when that was over the bits had to be blown out again, or the next dinner-party would be in darkness. Colonel Norman gave me a good piece of advice at parting respecting to-morrow's march, namely, 'Get up that zigzag early in the morning,' advice not to be forgotten as one thought of the telegraph-poles, dhoolies, camels, mules and donkeys that would have to twist and turn, and wind and bend up that fearful zigzag.

Seeb Bābā, January 2nd.—While the tent was being packed and strapped on the baggage-ponies, I sat on a box and had my breakfast. Unfortunately for our start, the telegraph people were busy reconstructing the line, and had to take their telegraph-poles up the Pass before we moved. Each mule had two long poles fastened on either side, and then the tedious

journey began. Sometimes the poles dropped over the side of the Pass, when the road became blocked, and valuable time was wasted. The whole convoy was delayed until the last of the telegraph-poles had crossed the Kotal.

As soon as we had crossed, we halted for some time to get the convoy in proper marching order, and, out of great confusion, form something like an orderly line. First of all, a squadron of cavalry went on as an advance-guard, behind which I rode with Captain Campbell; then came the sick and wounded in dhoolies. Amongst them poor Colonel Clarke, of the 72nd, was being carried down, I fear never to return to his regiment;* and then there was Captain Chisholme, of the 9th Lancers, who was shot through the leg, but wonderfully cheerful, making no more fuss than if he had been pricked with a pin. We must not forget a sergeant of the 67th, who had lost a leg in an engagement, and had remained faithful to his pledge through the campaign. The doctor told him he had made a rapid recovery, owing to the fact that he had been an abstainer for some years. The poor fellow now knew the value of abstinence. After the dhoolies came the baggage animals, and then the long line of transport animals on their way back to Gundamuck. This straggling convoy often stretched from five to six miles along the Pass, and before we got to the top we had to halt several times for the purpose of filling in the gaps and getting the advance and rear guards nearer each other. It was long past noon when we met the escort of infantry from Seeb Bābā at the top of the Latabund, where we halted and had a most acceptable tiffin and our last look at Cabul, which was equally delightful to the whole convoy, and as we looked through the glasses and handed them to others to take a final peep, we heard one universal expression—'Thank God, I am out of that hole!' Well might this wish be devoutly and sincerely made.

* He died at Allahabad on his way home.

CONVOY OF SICK AND WOUNDED.

Only a few weeks ago none of us ever thought that we should be crossing the Latabund on our way to Peshawur.

This rugged Pass winds over rough hills and down the stony beds of dry mountain torrents, and then through narrow gorges not wide enough for an artillery gun-carriage to pass, until its last slope leads to the rough camp at Seeb-i-Bābā, where there is nothing but rocks and stones and bleak barren mountains.

Just as we got to the camping-ground we passed two men taking the corpse of a relative to be buried in his village graveyard far away; the body was in a rude coffin, lashed on to the back of a camel, and had a most dismal appearance as it stretched out on either side of the camel's narrow back. One man appeared to be an ordinary camel-driver, and the other was evidently a Moollah. Whether this was one of the dead being carried away from Cabul, we could not find out; but such is the reverence of Afghans for their dead, that it is quite possible that these men had come on their dreary journey from the engagement before Sherpore on the twenty-third of December.

Our camp was very compact; we had a high perpendicular rock behind us, and a shallow stream in front. The troops stationed here had their camp surrounded with a stone wall, and sandbags placed on the top. At night a picket occupied the summit of the rock, to prevent our being taken by surprise in the rear.

Jugdulluk, January 8th.—The road to-day was nothing like so hard as that of yesterday; the greater part of the way was comparatively level—I suppose as level as a road can be in Afghanistan, which is a country of rough mountain-passes. We got into camp quite early in the afternoon, about three o'clock, and I was exceedingly glad to find Colonel Ball-Acton in command: we had both passed through considerable dangers since we met at Jellalabad. My tent was pitched

in his lines, so I was comfortably quartered for the night. In the afternoon the Colonel took me to see the wonderful Jugdulluk Pass. As a precautionary measure, a few Sepoys were sent on the hills that command the Pass, in case of accidents. A few zealous Afghans might be lurking about, and this step would prevent trouble on both sides. Nothing could be grander than the entrance to the wild and rugged gorge, with its rough and ragged rocks towering above the defile, and in many places almost meeting; a stream of water murmurs through the Pass, the only sound that is heard, gurgling round the boulders in their rocky bed. In the narrowest part I could touch one side of the Pass with my hand and the other with my walking-stick, making it about nine feet wide. Precious stones are said to be found in the river, but we were not fortunate enough to come upon any. This is one of the grandest passes in Afghanistan, and it would be difficult to suppose that anything could be grander than the wildness of the Pass, with its bold rocks rising precipitously from the bed of the mountain stream, which seems to have cut its way through the rocky defile. The bold rocks quite overwhelming, and the silence, which is only broken by the rushing gurgle of the stream, thrilled one with awe.

The gallant 51st have a Temperance tent for the good of the men, where tea and coffee can be had, and even a supper of corned beef. Before going to dinner I had a meeting, and presented one or two bars, for faithful service (as abstainers) during the war. With a commanding officer a personal abstainer, the 51st ought to be proud of its position. Captain F. Battye, one of our wounded officers, dined with us at the 51st mess. He had a very wonderful escape; a bullet struck him on one side of the neck, went round under the skin, and then came out on the other side, without doing more serious injury than giving him a stiff neck for a few weeks.

Peswan, January 9th.—We had an extra escort of men

furnished by the 51st, as the Pass was not considered safe; bands of men were constantly firing upon convoys as they marched through, and when we had got to the narrowest part we halted about half an hour for the infantry to crown the heights before we ventured into the narrow road, which will always be remembered with dread as the place where the army in 1842 was massacred by men who had promised with an oath to escort them safely out of the country, but we had to proceed to the top of the Kotal without the heights being crowned, as we had not sufficient men for the purpose; had the enemy been there, fifty men could have held the Pass against us, and thrown the whole convoy into utter confusion (a few weeks after we had passed through, an officer of the 51st was killed on this road).

We reached Peswan early, and found an enterprising native in a tent selling all the strange things of a regular box-wallah, from biscuits, preserves, and pickles, to paper, needles, and pins.

Sufeed Sung, January 10th.—Our march to this camp was very easy; the greater part of the way was downhill and then along the level valley of Gundamuck. We met some officers going to the front who were full of the gush of war, with brand-new revolvers in Sam Brown belts, new trunks on the baggage mules, and all the swagger of fire-eaters who saw V.C.'s and C.B.'s through the smoke and din of war. We had some in our dhoolies who were tame compared with these blank-cartridge warriors; ours had passed through the fire of the fight, and had seen the mutilated remains of brother-soldiers brought into camp, and found nothing to boast of in war. As we passed the 'Forty-fourth Hill,' where the last desperate stand was made in 1842, one of our company must have thought sadly of the day when his father was one of three who escaped to Futteeabad from that fearful slaughter. (Dr. Bellew, Chief Political Officer, was returning through sickness.) The three officers were Dr. Bellew, Dr. Bryden, and Lieutenant Grant.

As we entered the valley we found the camp had moved from Gundamuck to the high ground of Sufeed Sung; the half-finished huts were still standing which were being built when I passed through. At the camp I was very kindly received by the 51st; the clean tablecloth on the mess-table looked quite grand, and all the surroundings of the camp had quite a civilized appearance, after the rough and ready camp life on the other side of the Latabund. Fine kerosene lamps, instead of bits of candle stuck on bits of stone, were allowed to burn all evening, instead of being blown out for the sake of economizing the last bit of candle; then the bazaar had one or two natives, selling not hospital comforts, but Tommy Atkins's luxuries, such as sardines, tobacco, lucifers, vinegar, and boxes of biscuits at three rupees, and tins of marmalade at one-three, were rather too high for Tommy.

The climate here is most delightful, warm enough to sleep without a poshteen. Snow never falls in the valley; it only crowns the surrounding hills with its whiteness, giving a lovely tint at sunset on the dark pine-forests on the mountain-range of the Safeed Koh.

At the post-office I found some letters waiting for me, and heard that the lost mail-bags were recovered yesterday between this and Peswan: the robbers had satisfied themselves that the mail-bags contained nothing but letters, and left them not very far from the road. I also heard from the Postmaster that Dr. Lazarus's telegram got as far as this, when we were shut up in Sherpore, and that he had replied I was in Cabul.

In the evening I presented Afghan bars to our faithful members in the 51st; twenty-seven men received them, and they seemed very pleased with their Temperance honours.

I dined at the 51st mess, and had a good many questions to answer about the position of affairs at Sherpore. It is a very easy matter to fight a battle, take up a position, and defend a post, without a blunder or reverse over a mess-table, with

nothing but the clatter of plates, and rattle of cutlery, and thundering talk enlivened with roars of laughter, but quite another matter when the fight is against overwhelming numbers, when the bullet finds its mark, when wounded are carried in to die, and when positions have to be taken up hurriedly, and a handful of men have to hold their own against thousands. Men may blunder in war, but too often thoughtlessly censure in peace.

January 11th, Fort Battye.—Sunday morning. How I began to long for a quiet Sabbath-day, with its sacred hours of devotion and reverent adoration in the house of prayer instead of these camps of war; when on the line of march the Sabbath is forgotten in the continual round of duty which admits of neither rest nor calm. Before the convoy started I went with Campbell a short distance from the camp to see the cemetery, where he had to find the grave of the brother of the officer who commanded his battery. We found the graves nicely kept; a little mud wall separated the enclosure from the fields, and the names of the officers were engraved on stones and secured on the top of the graves. How many of these silent memorials are now left in Afghanistan to tell of our march through the land!

On our way to Fort Battye we passed the village of Futteeabad, where two of the three officers who escaped from the hill we passed in the Gundamuck Valley were cruelly murdered; Dr. Bellew's father was one, and Lieutenant Grant the other. When the villagers came out and offered them milk and bread they went into the village; but Dr. Bryden refused and pushed on for Jellalabad, where he arrived worn out with fatigue and wounds, the sole survivor of the Cabul Army of 1842. His companions were barbarously murdered by treacherous Afghans, who, under pretence of generous hospitality, had decoyed them into their village. It was a singular coincidence that we should have another officer in our convoy

who lost his brother in the present war at this village: Captain F. Battye's brother, Major Wigram Battye, of the Guides, was killed at the battle of Futteeabad in the Afghan campaign before the Gundamuck treaty was signed. This fort has been put in a condition of defence, which it certainly was not when I passed up. The outlook from this place is most dreary and desolate; as far as the eye can see there is nothing but stones, and this stony desert is surrounded by bleak barren mountains. The fort is garrisoned by a detachment of the 22nd N.I. and 10th B.C., and flies a flag. The very land looks savage, and is held by a savage and merciless race who regard mercy as weakness; the only recognised law is the ruffian power of an Afghan knife. With the Afghan, law means brute-force, and justice another word for revenge.

Rosabad, January 12th.—We had only a short ride this morning to Rosabad, and got there by twelve o'clock, and got very comfortable quarters in the fort, thoroughly enjoying a good rest in the afternoon: constant marching becomes very wearying, and very fatiguing. Our sick and wounded are doing wonderfully well.

Jellalabad, January 13th.—Had a hot ride over the sandy plain to this city. The road is through a perfect desert of sand. We pitched our tents in the Commissariat Fort, close to the hospital, which we found had been very greatly strengthened since we passed up. It is now quite capable of standing a siege, and large enough to hold all the troops in the camp as well as the stores.

We soon heard the camp news, which was anything but comforting; namely, that a fight was going on about six miles ahead, and we soon heard the guns in the direction of Ali Bagham. It is to be hoped that we are not going to be shut up again, and have to wait weeks before the road is clear. This news is not very pleasant, as we hear that the Mohmmunds are up, and attacking all our military posts between this and Lundi

Kotal. The tribe is said to have risen to prevent Yakoob's wife and women from being deported to India, and, unfortunately for us, they are supposed to be in our convoy. We may have some old women of the other sex, but they are certainly not with us. News from Cabul is not very satisfactory. Our old foe, Mahomed Jan, is trying to get the tribes to rise again, and hopes to secure the co-operation of the Turcomans. We were grieved to hear of the death of Dr. Porter, the principal medical officer of the Cabul Force. He died very suddenly from pneumonia. The whole camp will feel his loss, and the sick and wounded have lost a kind and skilful friend.

Jellalabad, January 14th.—More troops have gone out this morning, so we are likely to be detained three or four days. General Bright came round to visit the wounded, and had a kindly word for each. He told me that he expected the fighting would be over by to-morrow, but we should have to wait for the road to be declared safe before the convoy could proceed.

Dined with Major Cracroft at the mess of the 3rd B.C., and heard a most amusing account of the manner in which Mohmmunds attack. Our troops were on this side of the Cabul River, and witnessed a strange war-dance which these savage Afghans indulged in before attempting to cross. They danced round and round in circles, waving their knives above their heads, jumping and shouting most hideously. As they attempted to ford the river, our guns opened on them, and they dispersed as rapidly as possible, or, to put it into camp dialect, 'they legged it to the hills as soon as we slated them.' On saying good-night at the tent-door, I had to be instructed in the best and safest way of passing the sentries, who were very jumpy at night, owing to the Mohmmund scare. Sometimes the crack of the rifle follows quicker than the answer to question, 'Who goes there?' The word of parol was 'Delhi,' and I soon got challenged at the fort-gate—'Who goes there?' 'A friend,' was the answer. 'Give the word

of parol;' and the word 'Delhi' brought the permission to enter, and 'Pass on.' We had a very great deal of excitement among our tents, by some apothecaries keeping up a convivial meeting very long after tattoo. We heard them holding a mock court-martial over some unfortunate dispenser of pills and powders, and from the strange and loud kind of talk that could be heard for some distance, they must have been sustaining themselves on hospital comforts, rather than hospital medicines. All at once a well-known medical voice was heard shouting for the sentry to make these noisy apothecaries prisoners. The eloquence in the hospital-tent was soon silenced, and the lights blown out, and everyone fast asleep. As soon as the call for sentry was heard, some fancied that the Mohmmunds were doing a war-dance in the fort, and 'What's the matter?' was soon shrieked out from every tent in our little corner of the fort. The cause of the disturbance was neither Mohmmund nor Afghan, but the arch-enemy the black bottle, who can force any sentry, and overcome any foe.

Jellalabad, January 15th.—More unsatisfactory rumours are flying about camp, to the effect that Dakka has been surrounded, and that Lundi Kotal has been threatened. Troops are being pushed on from Peshawur, so there ought not to be a very great delay on account of this rising.

Jellalabad, January 16th.—All night the wind had been blowing hard, and a regular sand-storm came sweeping over the camp, early in the morning. To our great joy, it only lasted a few hours. My former experience made me fear another forty-eight hours of sand and wind.

Before breakfast I saw a regiment parade to witness some of their men flogged for breaking into the canteen and stealing the rum. Nothing could be more disgraceful than this drunken crime, which was lodged, not against one man, but against the whole guard. After this a Sepoy guard had to take the duty of British soldiers. When shall we see this evil abolished—this

rum ration? It brings evil and shame wherever it is tolerated; it brings disease and disgrace into every camp where it is issued. In 1842 this very place witnessed the courage, the patience, and the discipline of British soldiers, who could defend their garrison, fight Akbar Khan, and defeat him in front of the city walls, and gain for themselves the glorious name of 'Illustrious Garrison,' without the aid of liquor. Officers and men endured the privations of a long siege without intoxicating drink to cheer and nerve them, which it never does, but on the contrary, is productive of discontent and disorder. If British soldiers cannot go on active service without being nerved and strengthened with liquor, the sooner they go home to their grandmothers the better for their country and the service, who need brave and steady men, neither stimulated nor stupefied by drink, to fight their battles and maintain the honour of their name.

I dined with Major ——, who is the Transport officer in charge of this part of the line. He has the very great advantage of being able to converse freely with the Afghans in their own language, and has been able to reduce the transport rates along the line. The cost of transport between Peshawur and Cabul is enormous, amounting to four or five lacs of rupees a month. On one occasion he showed an Afghan Moollah the whole of the Koran written by a Moulvie on thin paper, and rolled up like a piece of ribbon, and about the same size. As soon as he saw it, he said, 'Sahib, no man can possibly kill you as long as you have that about you.' The Sahib replied, 'I don't trust to the charm of a piece of paper; I am trusting in God, not in the Koran.' One evening he was reading the Gospel of St. Matthew to some men who had come to see him, and amongst them was a bigoted Moollah; but his bigotry had to give way before the words of truth and wisdom which were read to him from the 5th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and he became anxious to know who had written the book, and who was

the teacher who taught such sublime truth, exclaiming, 'I never heard such wisdom; whose words are they?' and anxiously begged for the book to be given to him that he might read more than he had heard. When he was told that they were the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, he put up his hands and asked Allah to forgive him for listening to the words of the teacher of the 'infidel's religion.' However, he took the book after getting this promise from the Major, that he would not tell any of his people that he had got it, or that he had listened to the teaching of the infidel's teacher. This is strong testimony from a bigoted Moollah that Christ's teaching was far above Mahomet's, and, to use his own words, 'he had never heard such truth;' or in other words, repeating what has already been recorded concerning the words of Jesus, 'Never man spake like this man.' That forbidden book of truth has been left in an Afghan Moollah's hand, and who can speculate on the consequences? A seed sown, to be found after many days.

Barikab, January 17th.—At last the road was declared to be safe, so we made a start under a strong escort of cavalry. When we came to Ali Bagham we found a strong picket posted so as to command the road. Only last week some unfortunate dhoolie-bearers were hacked to pieces here; some of them offered all the rupees they had saved, but no money could satisfy the bloodthirsty Afghans, who would kill anyone who received wages from infidels. When we reached Barikab, we heard full particulars about the engagement at Dakka, where the enemy had crossed the river, and determined to force our position, but were repulsed by the Dakka force, which only consisted of seven hundred Sepoys and a battery of artillery. The gunners worked their guns so admirably, that the Mohmmunds legged it over the hills and over the river to their own side at Lalpoora before the Sepoys could get fairly within range. If the Lundi Kotal Brigade had been up in time, very few would ever have crossed the river; three

hours late on the field of action enabled the enemy to get away. The little garrison at Dakka must be remarkably proud of its work, beating a force of four or five thousand with a handful of men only seven hundred strong.

We were very kindly and hospitably received by the medical officer in charge, who had a good brew of tea ready with cheese and biscuits, much more sensible than another medico who came round with a brandy bottle as soon as we got in. Everyone enjoyed the tea, and did not even call for a peg. I believe pegs would soon go out of fashion if teapots were only oftener introduced.

Basawul, January 18th.—Sunday morning, we hope the last of these war-troubled Sabbaths, in which there is no rest and no regard for the day of prayer. How the want of this rest-day makes us feel the importance of one day in seven being set apart for the rest of man and beast, and for worship and praise to 'the Lord of the Sabbath.' Verily 'the Sabbath was made for man.' It was impossible to leave this camp without calling to mind the number of cholera victims who lie buried between the camp and the river. This was one of the worst camping-grounds in the whole of the Khyber route; from this place the destroying angel of death seemed to follow on the heels of every regiment as it marched through the passes of the Khyber, strewing the road with dead, and blocking up the watercourses with dead camels; the very ground became polluted, and the water was poisoned with carcases, and the atmosphere became charged with the malaria of death. Hundreds perished between Barikab and Peshawur on the fatal march, so terribly, but rightly, called the *march of death.*

We could not start at our early hour owing to a heavy fall of rain. It had been looking cloudy for some days, and during the night we had rather a downpour; fortunately the ground was very sandy, and took in the water like a sponge; but our tents were drenched, which made them very heavy for the poor

baggage animals. Soon after ten we made a start, and the weather thoroughly cleared up, making it pleasant for our march. The view of the Safeed Koh was very grand; the peaks and slopes were covered with snow, which glistened in the sunlight with dazzling brightness and beauty. The sunset was very splendid; the wild mountain gorge not very far from the camp, through which the Cabul River forces its way, was lighted up with the rays of the setting sun; and then the fading light rested awhile upon the lofty ranges, which piled summit upon summit, until the light of eventide burst forth in softened brightness as it cast its departing rays upon the snow-clad peaks of pure and pearly whiteness. This Sabbath evening the camp of war was still and calm; nothing but the tread of the sentry broke the stillness of the sunset scene. Nature herself in sunset glory seemed reverently closing the day of rest in prayerful adoration, leading the soul from nature's glory up to creation's God. This calm was very brief, for just as the sun touched the horizon the camp was alive with noise: bugles and trumpets made the hills echo with their call; guards were mounted and relieved; horses were neighing for their evening meal, and everybody was astir making ready for the night; fresh sentries were posted, and every care taken to prevent a surprise.

Dakka, January 19th.—During the night our patrols had a slight brush with some of the enemy who delight in cutting the telegraph-wires, and carrying away as much as they can; according to all accounts, they are capable of carrying heavy loads, having carried tons of wire away at different times, greatly to the annoyance of the telegraph officers who have the trouble and danger of reconstructing the line of communication. The result of the attack was two Afghans killed, who were brought into camp; and crowds of men gathered round the dead bodies in the morning, astonished to find them such remarkably fine and powerful men.

Just as we entered Dakka we saw a battery of Horse Artillery and a squadron of Carabineers going out to clear the road we have to march to-morrow of some Shinwarris, who are supposed to be waiting in the Pass for our convoy. They returned soon after sunset without firing a shot, or seeing a single Afghan.

After it was dark, our signallers were busy signalling to the camp at Lundi Kotal by means of lanterns. These lanterns have very powerful kerosene lamps, and in front a kind of venetian tin blind which, by opening and shutting it rapidly, makes flashes of light which could be distinctly seen and read at Mount Pisgah, ten miles distant, the Lundi camp signal-station. The message sent to Dakka was to keep a sharp look-out for the Shinwarris who were waiting to make an attack on the convoy. The 25th Regiment is expected here to-morrow from Lundi Kotal. Two companies have already arrived to strengthen this camp.

Lundi Kotal, January 20th.—Our start this morning was considered to be dangerous, so our escort was strengthened to prevent any accidents on the way. We met the 25th marching through, which was an exceedingly strong escort in itself. The Shinwarris were not likely to venture down the Pass while such a force was marching through. So we marched through with nothing to frighten us but the bray of a jackass, who had succeeded in getting rid of his load, and was rejoicing in his liberty.

When we met the 25th their band struck up a lively tune, which very pleasantly broke in upon the dull monotony of our march. Every head was soon outside the dhoolies to see the brave fellows pass to the front. I saw several of our men, and hope they will remain faithful to their pledges through the campaign.

This camp is now very strongly fortified, and the different regiments have been brought very much closer together: every-

one is getting very tired of the war, and weary of the dreary camp and the barren mountains of the Khyber.

Ali Musjid, January 21st.—We had a very easy march, and free from all scares; no need for further alarm when the mail tonga rattles through the Khyber and the bugle-notes are echoing through the Pass. There is something very grand in this bold and formidable mountain-pass, the gateway to Afghanistan; bold rocks rise up from the river almost perpendicularly. While the tops of the mountains are towering overhead, no army could ever march through the Pass so long as the surrounding heights were held with breech-loaders. The narrowest part is about forty feet wide, and that part of the road is directly covered by the heights of Ali Musjid; the Musjid is close to the road, but the fort is on the top of a bold rock right in the centre of the Pass. We have done a great deal to make the Khyber impregnable, and feel sure that neither Afghan nor Russian could march through to India so long as we held the surrounding heights, which command every part of the road as it winds its way along this difficult and much-dreaded Khyber. The only drawback is the unfortunate possibility of another road being made through other passes in these wild mountain-ranges, which afford such excellent shelter on account of their ruggedness and numberless defiles which intersect the whole range. Thus one pass may be rendered impregnable, while dozens, only a little more difficult, could soon be made passable. So that the 'Scientific Frontier' is a very visionary line over numberless mountain-ranges that would require the services of a large force to make all the passes secure against invasion. When a goat-path is sufficient for an Afghan army, it would be impossible to guard every ravine and gorge which might shelter an enemy that can steal across mountains with all the ease and cunning of a panther.

We felt that we were now nearing civilization when we saw

'*Dāk Bungalow*' written upon a board outside a tent put up by an enterprising khansamah for travellers; bullock-carts and ekkas, all brought back old familiar scenes, which seldom wander beyond the protection of the Peshawur Cantonment. If anyone rejoiced at the prospect of terminating the weary march, it must have been the unfortunate dhoolie-bearers, who have been made familiarly acquainted with the doctor's shoemaker on the line of march.

'*Peshawur, January 22nd.*—Just as we got through the Pass, we met the 5th Fusiliers marching to the front; these poor fellows expected to have gone home two years ago, and here they are marching away to camps of war. Such are the exigencies of the service. We reached Jumrood about noon, and then got leave to ride into Peshawur, instead of waiting for the convoy to-morrow. As we got near enough to see the barracks and the bungalows, we felt a thrill of thankfulness to God that we had returned safely: how many have we seen cut down and buried since marching out from this station last November! The friend who put me up when passing through had been plunged into great affliction, having lost his wife very suddenly, leaving him with seven motherless children to care for. He is now busy packing up for home, having got twelve months' leave; and much he needs the change, poor fellow. India seems a huge camping-ground, with many graves to mark the encampment of British residents. The cemeteries hold more occupants than the station bungalows.

The first thing to be done was to telegraph home the glad message, 'Safe back again — Peshawur.' This will convey more than a whole newspaper full of intelligence to loved ones at Taunton. Then came the pleasing task of looking over letters which had been waiting at the post-office for my arrival; and, thank God, it was all good news.

Peshawur, January 23rd.—Secured a seat in the dāk gharry; and after one or two breaks-down, we got to the old familiar

railway-carriage, which terminated all my difficulties and hardships in the way of travelling. Mountain-travelling may be very pleasant and comfortable; but that must be in Switzerland, with its comfortable hotels, but never in Afghanistan, with its camps of war and commissariat rations.

My travelling is not yet over; in fact, it has only begun; my projected tour through the cantonments of India has yet to be done.

It is with feelings of gratitude and thankfulness to our Divine Master that I am able to finish this diary by saying that my march through Afghanistan is finished. (Phil. iv. 19.)

MARCHES FROM PESHAWUR TO CABUL.

1.	From Peshawur	to Jumrood	10	miles,	good road.
2.	,, Jumrood	to Ali Musjid	11	,,	through Khyber Pass, good road.
3.	,, Ali Musjid	to Lundi Kotal	9	,,	,, ,,
4.	,, Lundi Kotal	to Dakka	14	,,	,, ,,
5.	,, Dakka	to Basawul	10	,,	through Khoord Khyber, good road.
6.	,, Basawul	to Barikab	11	,,	road sandy.
7.	,, Barikab	to Jellalabad	17	,,	road rocky and sandy.
8.	,, Jellalabad	to Rosabad	12	,,	road very rough, stones, sand.
9.	,, Rosabad	to Fort Battye	10	,,	,, ,,
10.	,, Fort Battye	to Sufeed Sung	9	,,	gradual ascent, rough road.
11.	,, Sufeed Sung	to Peswan	14	,,	Gundamuck Valley and ascent.
12.	,, Peswan	to Jugdulluk	11	,,	steep ascent, rough road.
13.	,, Jugdulluk	to Seeb Baba	12	,,	very rough, passes.
14.	,, Seeb Baba	to Latabund	10	,,	High pass, rough road.
15.	,, Latabund	to Butkak	9	,,	over low hills, good road.
16.	,, Butkak	to Cabul	14	,,	level road over plain.

Number of miles from Peshawur to Cabul, 183.

HEIGHTS OF CAMPS.

Peshawur,	1,165 ft.	above the level of the sea.
Ali Musjid,	2,433 ft.	,,
Lundi Kotal,	3,873 ft.	,,
Jellalabad,	1,963 ft.	,,
Jugdulluk Kotal,	5,370 ft.	,,
Latabund Pass,	8,250 ft.	,,
Cabul,	6,400 ft.	,,

CHAPTER IX.

FROM CABUL TO CEYLON.

In visiting the principal stations between Cabul and Ceylon, I have travelled a distance of 6,268 miles, and in almost every kind of conveyance, from a broken-down mail-cart to a comfortable railway-carriage, walking over sandy plains, and crossing high mountain-passes in wild Afghanistan. Every kind of locomotion has been tried—dāk-gharries, mail-carts, wretched ponies, first-class railway-carriages, and well-appointed steamers—and I may say I have passed through every kind of climate. In Cabul snow was covering the hills and plains, and severe frost reminded me of a keen winter in England. In Southern India I passed into a vapour-bath kind of climate, where everything was damp and moist. Then, crossing over to Ceylon, I enjoyed the delightful sea-breezes. But for the feathery cocoa-nut and graceful palm-trees, and the wide expanse of ocean, with the fishing-boats tossing upon the white-crested waves, I could almost fancy I had suddenly come upon an English seaside watering-place.

The various hill-stations have their own special beauties and varied scenery. The vast range of Himalaya mountains in Northern India provide the largest number of stations; though not covered with the luxuriant vegetation of the stations in the tropics, they have a grandeur in their rugged rocks, lofty summits, and snow-clad peaks, not to be surpassed for bold and wild scenery. The stout oak, the sturdy rhododendron, and the gigantic deodar, which flourish on their slopes, give inexpressible grandeur to the Himalaya forests. In Southern India the hill-stations of Coonoor, Wellington, and Ootacamund form a striking contrast to the rough boulders and rugged rocks of Landour. The road to the foot of the ghaut is through a dense forest of palm-trees, and the ascent winds round the hill-

side, under waving palm and feathery bamboo trees. The approach to Coonoor is exceedingly beautiful. A splashing mountain-stream dashes down the gorge, and the sides of the hill are covered with coffee plantations. The station has very much the appearance of a small Welsh town in the midst of hills and valleys, and bright-looking houses surrounded with trees and well-kept gardens, which can boast of green lawns and flower-beds bordered with box, the first I have seen in India. Then the flowers would compare with any grown in an English garden, and the hedges and lanes had a most homelike appearance. The roads are wide enough for carriages, which are very much more comfortable than Mussoorie jampans, and spirited little Pegu ponies are much more active than lazy Paharee coolies. I must not forget to mention the Coonoor Temperance Society, which is doing a good work under the able direction of a most zealous Christian worker, Mr. Stanes, whose name is a household word in the hearts and homes of the residents of the Neilgherry Hills. The Temperance work is part of the Christian work in connection with Mr. Stanes' schoolroom, and I should like to see all our Temperance societies working under similar Christian influences.

The depôt at Wellington is a very pleasant drive from Coonoor, and has a fine range of barracks for the invalid soldiers of the Madras Presidency, who are to be congratulated on having such a splendid sanitarium, where the men can walk for miles along the valleys and over the low hill-land of Coonoor, without having any exhausting climbing, such as there is at the Landour depôt. Perhaps they would like a few more bold rocks in the Neilgherries, and our men would be thankful for a few valleys in the Himalayas. The drive to Ootacamund is a steady ascent the whole way. Though not so cold as Simla, it is much cooler than the climate of Coonoor. The station stretches away for some miles over a comparatively level plain, and a fine drive winds round an extensive lake. The Australian

blue gum-tree grows remarkably well, and has been very largely planted on the slopes round the station. From a distance, a plantation of these Australian trees looks very like a small forest of pines. They shoot up with great rapidity, and only put out straight branches. A very rich odour of a pine-like fragrance comes from pressing the leaves in the hand, and is also perceptible when walking through a plantation. The Ooty Temperance Society is most efficiently worked by its active secretary, Mr. Penn, and supported by the veteran missionary the Rev. George Pearce, who was the first to inaugurate the work at this station. Imperial Simla would be very glad to possess the fine drives of Ooty, where pony-carriages take the place of dandies, and fine level roads are far more comfortable to walk upon than the winding zigzags over Jacko's summit. There is no crowding of houses, and there are no filthy Paharees swarming in the bazaars, making the station almost as unhealthy as any in the plains. The Madras Government is to be envied in having such a remarkably fine station as Ootacamund, where they are free from the vapour-bath climate of the Presidency.

The journey from Ooty to Tuticorin was one of the most tedious it has ever been my misfortune to make. The trains seem to be at cross purposes, as I had to sleep two nights at railway stations, first at Erode, where the Madras Line joins the South Indian, and then at Madura, where I had to wait for a morning train to take me on to Tuticorin. The speed of the South Indian is, if anything, a trifle slower than the Rajpootana line, and that is slow enough; and a slow train in a climate like Trichinopoly is far from being agreeable or pleasant. Everything is so changed from Northern India, that it is hard to believe that it is the same country. The men are not quite so robust, but quite as smart; and what is most remarkable, nearly all the railway employés speak English, and even coolies in Madras understand English. To my surprise I

found Hindustanee of no use, whereas English seemed the language of the Presidency. The women go about without any covering to their heads, and have the lobes of their ears so weighed down with ornaments, which can hardly be called ear-rings, that they hang some inches from the ear. It may be beautiful, but to my mind there is no more beauty in it than there is in a ring in a swine's snout. This remarkable ornamentation does not prevent the women from working as hard as the men. They not only carry heavy loads, but work in the fields, digging and reaping with a great deal more energy than the men. A Tamil coolie woman is undoubtedly a good *workman*, in spite of the hideous ear-ring. The country in Southern India is not unlike some parts of Bengal; the paddy-fields and the plantains give the country a Bengal look. On approaching Tuticorin, I passed through an extensive belt of sand thickly covered with palm-trees, and then got a glimpse of the bright blue sea, and felt thankful that I had at length got to the most southern point in India, having travelled through the vast continent of India from the bold mountains of the Himalaya, with their snow-clad ranges of unsurpassed grandeur, to the bright blue waves dashing upon the coral strand of Tuticorin. From Landour in the north to this seaport in the south, and from Bombay on the west to Madras on the east. From the snow and frost of Cabul to the heat and glare of Central India. Passing through scenes strange and wild in an Afghan pass, and then through well-cultivated fields in British India. Mixing with people of various tribes and speaking strange languages, and delivering the message of glad tidings, the gospel of salvation, to all English-speaking people, Europeans and Natives, and addressing large crowds in all the Presidency towns and stations, both of soldiers and civilians, on the important subject of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drink. A *Gospel Temperance* crusade throughout the empire.

The station at Tuticorin had all the appearance of a small

seaport in England; boats were lying on the beach, small vessels were riding at anchor in the bay, and groups of boatmen hanging about the pier, ready for a job. It is interesting to know that this is one of the first places where Zavier introduced Christianity, and to-day there are thousands of Christians in this district. One of the oldest Roman Catholic chapels in India is still used as a place of worship, and is more than three hundred years old; there is also an old Dutch Protestant chapel more than a hundred years old. The Roman Catholic boatmen wear charms, consisting of little pictures of the Virgin Mary on cloth, suspended round their necks.

After waiting a day for the vessel which calls at all the various ports between Bombay and Calcutta, I found myself once more on board a steamer. The *Africa* was a very fine boat, almost as large as a home steamer, which made it difficult to understand that it was only going to Colombo instead of London. The sea-trip was very pleasant from India to Ceylon, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, and about eighteen hours' run, long enough for landlubbers to pay the customary fee to the king of the wide, wide sea. A long acquaintance with the old sea-king exempted me from Neptunes fee for venturing once more on the wild waves.

As soon as it was daylight, we had a magnificent view of Ceylon. Adam's Peak towering above the hills was a very prominent object; and as we drew nearer we could see the long waving line of cocoa-nut trees which fringe the shores of this luxuriant island; beyond the palm-trees, dense forests on the hills became visible. Boats of a strange fashion soon surrounded the steamer—heavy cargo boats, and light canoes not unlike racing outriggers; but the Ceylon fishing-boat is the most unique kind of boat that ever went fishing, or ran before a gale of wind. The boat is so long and narrow that only one man can sit between its sides; it hoists a kind of square sail, and is balanced by an outrigger which is secured to the boat

by two pieces of wood. The outrigger is a heavy piece of wood, shaped somewhat like the canoe, only not so large, and prevents the boat from capsizing. As the wind increases, the boatmen sit on the outrigger to steady the boat; and according to the number of men, so they call the breeze—a *one*-man breeze, a *two*-man breeze, or a *three*-man breeze. Should the wind still increase, I should be afraid that it would be a capsize breeze, as the crew is never more than three or four. Strange as this double kind of boat looks, it sails with great speed over the rough waves, and is seldom known to capsize. When they make for the shore, the sail is never lowered, to enable the boat to escape the surf by running on to the sandy beach at full speed. On landing, a stranger is at once struck with the curious style of dress of the Cingalese. The men dress so like the women, that it's almost impossible to distinguish one from the other. Nothing can be more womanish than the dress of a Cingalese man. He wears neither hat nor pugree, but has a large tortoise-shell comb stuck in his back hair, wears a kind of petticoat cloth, called a Kom-boy, which makes him look anything but a *tom-boy*, fitting tightly round his loins, with sometimes a jacket, and sometimes nothing, above it. When the unfortunate man has neither beard nor moustache, he has a very womanish appearance, especially as the women dress in the same style without any head covering.

The garrison is very small, although they are quartered in very fine handsome barracks, two stories high, and facing the sea. The garrison consists of part of the 102nd Regiment and a battery of Artillery.

During my stay at Colombo I was most hospitably entertained by my friend Mr. Ferguson, one of the oldest residents in the colony, and full of information of every kind respecting the island. It is impossible to touch on any subject in connection with Ceylon without gaining a mass of valuable information from the rich stores of his intelligent memory.

Everything that affects the island seems to affect him; long residence, and deep interest in the welfare of the land of his adoption, has made everything that relates to Ceylon a personal matter, as though it touched the interests of his family. He is master of every subject, religious and political, as well as everything that affects the material prosperity of the island, from the oyster-fishery, beneath the deep, deep sea, to the coffee-plantation on the tableland of its mountain-ranges and hilly slopes in the interior. The climate is very much like that which is suggested by a vapour-bath—everything is damp and steamy. After lecturing, one's body becomes very spongy, and one's clothes saturated with perspiration. The sea-breeze is a kind of natural punkah, which is pleasantly cool so long as it blows, or so long as it is not shut out by a thick wall obstructing it. The houses along the sea-shore are beautifully situated; a splendid breeze, night and day, keeps down the temperature, and the music of the sea, as its waves splash along the shore, reminds one most vividly of the white-crested waves dashing on the sandy beach of our own loved island-home. It is impossible to conceive of a greater change than that which is afforded by the bright emerald-green of Ceylon in its luxuriant vegetation, as contrasted with the dry sandy plains of India, burnt up with scorching heat and brown with barren rocks. The railway-ride up the ghaut to Kandy is one of matchless beauty; groves of palms, dense forests, cover valleys and mountain-slopes, and further in the interior the hill-sides are covered with coffee-plantations, while Kandy presents one of the prettiest and most picturesque of cities: cradled in mountains, the ancient capital of Ceylon rivals for beauty some of the most favoured towns in Switzerland. The stillness of the lake, with the surrounding hills reflected in it; the island in its centre, which was the harem of Kandy's kings; the old palace, with all its deeds of cruelty; and the green sward, on which the last of the kings crushed to death

British soldiers by having elephants driven over them to afford amusement to his court—all tend to deepen the interest which is historically associated with this ancient capital of the land, of which Heber says:

> 'That every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.'

The drive, by mail-cart, from the railway-station at Gampela to Rambodde, and then up to the hill-station, Newra-Elliya, a distance of thirty-six miles, was exceedingly grand. The road as far as Rambodde skirted the sides of the hills, and passed through many very extensive coffee-plantations. Here and there a snug bungalow could be seen peeping out of the plantation, and an occasional village on the roadside made the picturesque landscape complete. The distance from Rambodde to Newra-Elliya is only thirteen miles, but the road has to twist and wind its way up a steep ascent, which makes it a long and weary drive. A good dinner and a good night's rest, and a magnificent climate, made me forget the weary journey, which is more than amply rewarded by the splendid scenery of Newra-Elliya. Although over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the roads are as good as in the valleys, enabling carriages to be driven all over the station. This hill-station stands unrivalled for beauty, with its extensive tableland intersected with carriage-drives, and covered with green grass, on which the bright yellow gorse blooms, as it does on old England's village commons, and surrounded with hills covered with thick forests and cultivated with coffee-plantations. The Himalaya stations may surpass it for bold and rugged scenery; the Neilgherry Hills may rival its coffee-plantations; but for beauty and striking combination of uncut forest-land, in its wildness, and cultivated plantations of coffee and cinchona, and its fantastic mountain-peaks, and its extensive tableland, and its cool climate and homelike appearance, Newra-Elliya stands unrivalled as a hill-station, we can hardly say in India, but in the tropics.

At 'Abbotsford,' the coffee-plantation of Mr. Ferguson, I had the opportunity of learning something about coffee-planting. The coffee-trees are cut down to shrubs about four feet in height, and require a great deal of careful pruning and cultivating. The blossom is a small white flower, and the coffee-berry is covered with a thick green skin. The fruit is close to the stem, a green-looking berry. Just now the plants are suffering from a disease which has nearly destroyed whole plantations, and although a great deal of skilful attention has been given to the nature of the leaf disease, nothing has been discovered to destroy the fungus which threatens the prosperity of the coffee-planters of Ceylon. I wonder whether any experiment has been made, in allowing nature to cure herself, by leaving the trees alone for twelve months or more, neither pruning, nor cutting, nor gathering fruit, but giving them rest for a season, and the ground around them. Let the land lie fallow. May be the plantations have been forced beyond the natural strength of the trees, and nature now demands *rest*. Many planters have largely introduced cinchona on their estates, and it is to be hoped that what they lose on coffee they may to some extent gain on cinchona.

The bungalow at Abbotsford is most beautifully situated. Hills are ranged in long and fantastic ranges on every side. An extensive valley stretches for miles between them, and planters' bungalows are studded along the hill-sides. The mountain-peaks take strange and curious shapes, and have been named in accordance with the things they suggest. For instance, one peak is called 'the Jaw,' the most silent of jaws; another is called 'the Knuckles,' a peaceful fist; another is called 'the Sentry Box,' with a sentry that has no chance of being relieved, poor fellow. On these mountain-sides thick forests still shelter the wild elephant, the spotted deer, elk, and panther; and in some of the mountain-streams precious stones are still found.

My hurried visit to Abbotsford has given me mental photographs of grand scenery, high mountain-peaks, well-cultivated valleys, rushing streams, and splashing waterfalls, that can never fade away, but remain to refresh me when weary and tired with constant work, which has no time for rest, and can only find relief in change.

> 'What though a lull in life may never be made for me?
> Soon shall a better thing be thine, the Lull of Eternity.'

Our meetings were well attended both in Colombo and Kandy, and we hope that the blessing of God will rest upon our labour. In Colombo our friends, the Revs. Stevenson and Nicholson, did everything in their power to make the meetings successful. It was very pleasant to labour with warm-hearted brethren, who fully sympathized with our Temperance work, and were personally identified with it as pledged abstainers. At our last meeting, Mr. Nicholson announced that a Ceylon Temperance League would be formed, and we wish the League much prosperity. An earnest worker in the Temperance cause came all the way from Galle to be present at the Colombo meeting, travelling a distance of over seventy miles. There is no fear of our work getting cold, when we are supported by such zealous adherents. The meetings at Kandy were quite as enthusiastic as those at Colombo, and here again it was working on well-worked ground. Our friends, the Revs. S. Longden and Waldock, did everything to secure good meetings, and both are personal abstainers. The Temperance Society in connection with Mr. Longden's mission is doing good work, and the Band of Hope for the children is a very encouraging part of it. May the blessing of the Lord abide with our fellow-workers at Kandy!

> 'In the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy hand at evening hour,
> Never asking which shall prosper; both may yield the fruit and flower.
> Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest, though thy gain be small and bare,
> God shall clothe it as He pleases for the harvest full and fair.'

APPENDIX.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT HAMILTON, V.C.

THE following lines were written late in August by Lieutenant Hamilton, V.C., and sent from Cabul on the 25th of that month, eight days before he was massacred along with Sir Louis Cavagnari and the rest of the Mission and escort :

('The Village Behmaru,' scene of the outbreak of Cabul disaster, 1841 Revisited, August, 1878.)

Though all is changed, yet remnants of the past
Point to the scenes of bloodshed, and, alas!
Of murder foul, and ruined houses cast
Their mournful shadow o'er the graves of grass;
Of England's soldiery who faced a lot,
That few, thank Heaven! before or since have shared.
Slain by the hand of treachery, and not
In open combat, where the foe ne'er dared
To show themselves. The fatal, honest trust,
Placed in an enemy who loved a lie
And knew not honour, was a trust that cost
The lives of those that gave it. Yet to die
Game to the last, as they did, well upheld
Their English name. E'en now their former foe
Frankly avers the British arms were quelled,
By numbers only, and the cruel snow.
'Tis forty years since British soldiers turned
To look their last on this now peaceful scene,
Whose lingering gaze spoke volumes as it yearned
For vengeance due to treachery so mean.
And vengeance true did Pollock, Sale, and Nott,
Deal with a timely and unerring hand,
As they with victory effaced the blot
Which just had dimmed the annals of our land.

THOUGHTS ON THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN.

BY ONE WHO SERVED THERE.

DEAR COMRADES,

One thing which strikes us very forcibly on our return from the rough work of a campaign to the comparatively quiet life of cantonments is the number of agencies

which exist for the moral and spiritual welfare of our men, of opportunities which there are of doing and receiving the highest good. We have our Temperance-meetings, our Bible-classes, our Prayer-rooms comfortably fitted up, so that any who choose can find a place for retirement and meditation. We have, in fact, opportunities which are altogether out of our reach during the rough work of a campaign.

Now, if there is one thing absolutely necessary for an army before going on service anywhere, it is this, that all the forces composing it should be thoroughly prepared and ready. That infantry regiment is not of any practical use which has not all its men thoroughly instructed in drill, discipline, and other duties, and has not already its equipment and ammunition. A cavalry regiment or a battery of artillery is of little use if men and horses and guns and harness are not all thoroughly ready for the work lying before them. So with every branch of the service. And any branch which is not ready when the time for action comes is severely, and, we all think, justly, blamed on account of this unpreparedness, because it is the duty of all in time of peace to make themselves acquainted with their duties in such a way that, when the time for action arrives, they may not be found wanting.

In just such a way does God hold us responsible for all the blessings which are at our disposal during peace. In His great mercy and love to us, He gives all these opportunities of seeking Him and finding Him. He gives us to-day an open Bible with the old glorious truth openly proclaimed that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' He gives us places to worship Him, and friends who can and do tell of His wonderful love. He has given us every opportunity to be ready for anything that may happen, and He holds us responsible that we are ready. Our blessings are great, but with them increases our responsibility. 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?'

I would urge upon each of you, therefore, now, in peace time, to grasp God's offer of free salvation through Jesus Christ, to delay no longer, and thus be prepared for everything. I know well how many there are who say, 'There is time enough yet to think about such matters.' But I need not remind you how little time there is on service for thinking at all when duty is exceptionally severe; when one has long and

trying marches, which take up whole days sometimes; and when one often is glad to get a spare moment for rest and sleep between the intervals of duty.

Many there are, too, who think that on their death-bed they will turn to God. Need I remind you what a false delusion this is? To us soldiers, perhaps more than to any other class of people, does that saying apply that 'we know not what a day may bring forth.' You all heard of that terrible disaster to the 10th Hussars on the 31st of March. One moment that squadron was riding easily and happily along, without a thought of danger; the next moment it was whirled off in the dark, fatal waters of the Cabul River. Do you suppose at that terrible time, when men were being swept away among drowning comrades and kicking maddened horses, that there would be time to turn to God and repent? Was that accident not a very solemn warning to each of us?

Do not believe that absurd notion that because a man is a Christian he is thereby a worse soldier. Why, it is the very opposite of this. God's grace makes a man ready for anything, and teaches him to be far truer to his duty than he was before. I know a non-commissioned officer in one of the regiments of the first division of the Peshawur force who, perhaps more than any other man in the regiment, distinguished himself in action.

Following hard after an officer in his regiment, in charging a band of the enemy, he was shot down, severely wounded, while the gallant officer was killed. They took the wounded man to hospital, where he lay for two painful weary months. That grace of God which enabled him unflinchingly to do this duty in action strengthened and upheld him in the hours of pain which he had afterwards to undergo.

Believe me, when a man is able to cast all his care upon Him who 'careth for us,' he is far more fitted for a soldier's duty than one whose hopes are utterly without foundation.

Shortly before I left Jellalabad, I saw a friend of mine who had been brought in very ill indeed. He was immediately taken back to Peshawur, with the ultimate intention of being sent to the hills. About a fortnight afterwards I arrived at Peshawur, and was sorry to find that he was still at the base hospital there, too ill to be moved. He was indeed very weak and worn, so much so, that every word he spoke was painfully

uttered with much effort. But the few words he did speak will remain long in my memory. He asked me to read a favourite passage, the thirty-fourth Psalm, and he repeated after me the words, 'O fear the Lord, ye His Saints, for there is no want to them that fear Him;' and afterwards he said, 'Is it not a grand thing to know that all is past and forgiven?' Very soon afterwards the Master called him. He was perfectly ready. One Sunday morning, just before church-time, he passed away, having finished his course and kept the faith; and when we laid his body in the grave that hot evening, I rejoiced and thanked God, who had given our comrade grace and strength in his dying hour, and who had, in His love, taken him up higher. Coming at the end of the campaign, it was to me a lesson which I trust I shall never forget.

So once more, dear comrades, would I urge on you the necessity of being ready. God's Word is open to you; Christ is pleading with you, saying, 'All things are ready,' warning and entreating you to be ready, and thus to add to your usefulness and happiness. Let me close by quoting a passage than which I think none is more solemn in God's Word: 'Be ye ready also, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.'

G. S. M.

Kandahar, 27th May, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. GREGSON,

Very many thanks for the parcel of the *Quiver* lately received. They seem very interesting, and I am sure the men will be much pleased with them. I have been wanting to write to you for some time, to let you know how nicely we have been getting on here. I think I told you in my last that there were quite a number of the Lord's dear children here, and that we had an officers' meeting once a week, and every night for the soldiers. This, I am happy to say, has continued all along. As long as we were in camp, we used to meet in my tent from six to seven every Wednesday evening. Colonel H—— lent a tent, and there the men had a meeting every night, presided over by one of us taking it by turns. On Sundays the Presbyterians had service in the tent, conducted by Colonel H——. All this still goes on, only under altered circumstances. The camp is broken up, and we are all under

cover somewhere or other. My battery, with the 15th Sikhs and two companies of the 59th, are in the fort or citadel, the native regiments in villages purchased by Government, and the remainder of the troops are in the old cantonments, freshly done up, which were built by the English in 1839—48. The officers' meeting is now held in Colonel H——'s house, and the tent for the soldiers has been erected in one corner of the 'block' told off to his regiment, the 25th N.I. The numbers have largely increased lately, and large meetings take place every evening, and we supply them with a good cup of tea, which I believe they enjoy very much. I wanted to have started a regular coffee-shop, but there is some difficulty in getting sufficient supplies, as the Commissariat have not enough to spare, and it takes so long to get anything up from India.

I am very thankful to say the force here is generally healthy, though there is a considerable amount of ordinary fever and diarrhœa about. Young L—— (who was at Morar) died the end of last month of typhoid, after only ten days' illness. I had given him a New Testament a short time before, and had spoken to him once or twice about Christ. He seemed much impressed, and was busy with his Bible up to the last, so we have every reason to hope he is in the heavenly mansion, happy with his blessed Saviour.

Thank God, I am in very good health myself, and trust I may continue well through this hot season. The weather here keeps wonderfully cool for this season of the year. Last week in my room, with open windows, it was 88° at the hottest.

I still stick to my pledge, and there are numbers of total abstainers here. The Lord is among us, and we are receiving large blessings.

With kindest regards,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

C. C——.

Bala Hissar, Cabul, July 25th, 1880.

DEAR MR. GREGSON,

You wrote to me some time ago, asking me to give an account of Evangelistic and Temperance work at this place. Our stay here is now fast drawing to a close, at least so we have

every reason to believe, and thus I write only to you of the past and what has been done.

We have had many difficulties. Besides the pressure of heavy duty which has always thinned our meetings, there is the fact that the whole of the garrison is never here at one time. There is always a brigade out somewhere, and with it both officers and men who are accustomed to help in and carry on our work. Still we have indeed to acknowledge God's blessing with us, in giving us many opportunities of encouraging one another to usefulness in His service and of doing some good to others.

Very shortly after you left Cabul, I was sent down the line, and did not return here for some months. I was quartered then in the Bala Hissar, which, as you know, has been garrisoned by us since General Charles Gough came in here in December. Since then the old Afghan houses had been for the most part cleared away, the best of them being reserved for barracks, hospital, etc., so that the Bala Hissar, which before was but a sorry heap of ruins, began to present a fairly respectable appearance. A few days after I came, some of the men in one of the regiments then quartered here came and asked me if I could get them a room to hold Temperance meetings in. They had one, but it had been required for some other purpose, and they could no longer have it for Temperance work. To get another room was no easy matter, for every available place had already been used. There was one building which had partly escaped demolition, and that was, as I understand, a hall of justice under the Afghan rule, at the north end of the Ameer's garden. One part of this building was used as a workshop; the other part was unoccupied, but in a very sorry state of repair—only partially roofed, very rickety, and very dirty. However, we had no other place to go to, and had to make the best of it. Having got the necessary leave to use it, we set to work to repair the roof and prop up the doubtful places, and when all was cleared up, with the help of some tent-kanáts as doors, etc., and timber for benches, we had a very fairly comfortable room for our work. A short time after there were two large Temperance meetings held in it, at both of which the Colonel of the 67th presided, giving away a large number of Temperance honours on the last occasion.

As this room was exclusively for Temperance work, we did

not use it for anything else on week-day evenings. On Sundays, in the afternoon, we used to meet there for an hour to worship God. A good number used to come, though from the causes that I mentioned before, and also the fact that we have had a great deal of sickness, our numbers varied considerably. On week-days we used to have an evening meeting in the work-shops, but we improved upon that arrangement, which was not very satisfactory. We got a small room in the same building, which was used as a prayer-room, and always open for any man who cared to go there. It was not sumptuously furnished, but it answered its purpose, and we had many pleasant meetings there.

At Sherpur, owing to the kindness of a Commissariat officer, a large room in the 92nd Highlanders' lines was given for the purposes of holding similar meetings. The men of the 92nd have made the room very neat and comfortable. A prayer-meeting was held there every evening, but we from the Bala Hissar could seldom go there on account of the lateness of the hour, and the distance between the two places. On Sunday evenings, the Presbyterian Chaplain always addressed the meeting, which was generally a crowded one. Personally I enjoyed those Sunday evening meetings very much; another officer and I used to ride over from the Bala Hissar to them, but we generally had to leave before the meetings were over.

We had an officers' prayer-meeting once a week at Sherpur, at which our Chaplain presided. I regret to say that the meetings have been abruptly terminated, for most of those who attended are now scattered in various parts of the country.

We shall all of us soon be scattered in a similar way. Very few of us, I fancy, know where we are to go after the war is concluded. I am sure that many of us, though we may never meet again, will bear pleasant recollections of the comrades with whom we were associated at Cabul.

CHRISTIAN WORK DURING THE OCCUPATION OF THE BALA HISSAR, CABUL.

May 23rd, 1880.

We have been having some good meetings with the men of the 67th Regiment. Some of the regiment came and asked me to try and get them a place to hold prayer-meetings

in shortly after my arrival here. This was a matter of some little difficulty, as every available place was occupied (if not for barracks) for stores or workshops. However, I got the Assistant Quarter-Master-General to let us have an old tumble-down building, at one time the Ameer's hall of justice, part of which was used by our Sapper carpenters. I got it more or less mended; and we began to have our meetings, both for Temperance-work and for the higher Gospel-work. At first the latter meetings were very small, only one or two, but latterly they have much increased; last night there were more than thirty men.

I do wish there was a better man than myself to take the matter in hand, for I am a very poor speaker; but there is no other officer but myself to preside. I have either to do so or to give it up, which latter course I would indeed be loath to do. You could help us very much if you would send them some books. At present we have only something like four books, and that doesn't go far with thirty men. There are some right good fellows among the men here—men whom I should like to have at my back when hand-to-hand with the wily Afghan. The 92nd is another grand regiment; fine sturdy Scots, who have well sustained their old reputation. Unfortunately they are over at Sherpore (three miles off), so I have but few opportunities of being well acquainted with them. Through the kindness of a Commissariat officer, they have a capital room for their meetings. I was over there once last week, though I fear I shall not be able to go again, as I did not get back here till after dark, which is against orders. The meeting was well attended; it would have delighted you to have heard the men with their familiar Scotch tunes. I wish I could go there oftener.

The Temperance work here is doing well. The 67th had two hundred and thirty-two honours presented the other night by their colonel, not bad for one regiment, and that on active service in a desperately cold country like this. When you meet in prayer at Landour, remember us at Cabul in your prayers, that we may be strengthened humbly to trust for that victory which is assured us. The fight with evil without and within is a hard one. Yet we feel that we are making way. B——, of the ——, is here, but at present out with General Roberts. What a good fellow he is!

OFFICIAL RETURN OF THE CONSUMPTION OF RUM.

The following return shows the consumption of rum since 1872, when the Association was reorganised.

CONSUMPTION.	GALLONS.
1872-73	217,904
1873-74	207,001
1874-75	206,069
1875-76	205,927
1876-77	177,111
1877-78	161,816
1878-79	130,536

There is a reduction in the consumption of rum to the extent of 87,368 gallons.

We may quote the official remark. 'The above facts prove clearly what the report from which they are taken merely suggests when it states that it is probable that the decreased consumption is due to the spread of the Temperance movement in the Army.'.

RETURN FROM REGIMENTAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

The following Table of Averages per 1000, compiled from our statistical returns, to be found in the appendix of this report, will be sufficient in itself to sustain all that has been said against the continuance of the rum issue at the canteen. According to these returns, it is evident that the abstainers in the army neither figure in the defaulters' book nor hospital entry as often as their drinking comrades.

'The figures, I think, explain themselves. The first column shows the actual strength, not an average per 1000, as might appear at first sight. The remaining columns of figures show the monthly occurrences per every 1000 men. First for the whole regiment, second for the Total Abstainers, third for the non-abstainers. In every column, with the exception of the Good Conduct Badge column, the Total Abstainers have the best, and by far the best average. The difference of one or two per 1000 against the abstainers in the Good Conduct Badge column is so slight, that it is fully compensated for in the next column, showing Good Conduct Badges forfeited. See 65th and 54th Regiments, and 14th Hussars.'

TABLE OF MONTHLY AVERAGES PER 1,000.

Regiments.	Station and Date.	Abstainers. Non-Abstainers.	Total strength of Regiment.	Average Deaths.	Average Admissions to Hospital.	Average Defaulters.	Average Courts-Martial.	Average Imprisonment.	Average Invalided to Engl'd.	Average G.C. Badges.	Average G.C. B'dges forfeit'd	Average Invalided to the Hills.
65th	Lucknow, October, 1874, to March, 1875 ...	Head-Quarters ...	873	·95	79	35	1·7	No returns	4·	19·8	7·6	No returns
		Total Abstainers...	252	·0	40	6·7	·0		2·	16·6	·0	
		Non-Abstainers ...	621	1·2	95	47	2·4		4·83	21·1	10·3	
1/5th Fusiliers	Bareilly, January, 1874, to July, 1874	Head-Quarters ...	732	·21	46	18·7	1·4	·4	10·8	22·7	2·	·33
		Total Abstainers...	229	·0	14	·0	·0	·0	2·6	23·		
		Non-Abstainers ..	503	·3	60	27	2·	·66	14·5	22·4	2·3	
5th	Morar, August, 1876, to July 1877	Head-Quarters ...	760	·55	88	21·6	1·5	2·6	1·5	31	6·9	6·9
		Total Abstainers...	273	·0	56	1·5	·0	·0	·0	27	1·4	3·1
		Non-Abstainers ...	487	·83	106	33	2·4	4·0	2·5	35	10·	9·1
92nd Gordon Highlanders	Seetapore and Benares, Feb., 1877, to Janv., 1878 ...	Head-Quarters ..	772	1·66	55	25	3	2·6	1·66	16	5·5	4·5
		Total Abstainers..	255	1·58	54	6·2	0		·66	21	3·6	6·2
		Non-Abstainers ..	522	1·75	56	34	44	3·8	2·2	14	6·4	3·6
1/25th	Fyzabad, May, 1877, to April, 1878	Head-Quarters ..	875	·56	86	29	1·9	3·8	3·4	27	6·	7·4
		Total Abstainers..	263	·32	68	3·2	·3	·6	·9	40	·6	4·1
		Non-Abstainers ...	612	·66	94	39	2·6	5·0	4·5	22	8·3	8·8
14th Hussars...	Bangalore, April, 1879, to March, 1880	Head-Quarters ...	456	·9	111	12·4	2·2	3·1	2·8	21	5·3	10·8
		Total Abstainers..	107	·0	71	5·4	·0	2·3	1·5	18·7	3·1	2·3
		Non-Abstainers ...	348	1·2	124	14·5	2·9	3·3	3·1	21·8	6·0	13·3
2/60th Rifles ...	Meerut, January to May, 1878 ...	Head-Quarters ..	573	No returns	71	No returns						
		Total Abstainers...	279		54							
		Non-Abstainers ..	294		89							
12th Lancers..	Secunderabad, April, 1879, to March, 1880 ...	Head-Quarters ...	413	2·2	105	No returns			·4	No returns		
		Total Abstainers...	88	·0	53				·0			
		Non-Abstainers ...	325	2·8	120				·5			
72nd Highlanders* ...	Cabul, November, 1878, to January, 1880	Head-Quarters ...	780	2·7	88	26·0						
		Total Abstainers...	62	1·1	24	3·4						
		Non-Abstainers ...	718	2·9	93	26·4						

* This return is especially interesting, as it shows the advantages of Total Abstinence on ACTIVE SERVICE.

'THE SOLDIERS' TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

THIS association was formed by Mr. Gregson at Agra in 1862, when the first society was established in the 35th Regiment, the Royal Sussex. This society was formed in the little soldiers' chapel built by Captain Havelock and the men of the 13th Light Infantry (afterwards Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.).

The work of the association lapsed after Mr. Gregson left India in 1866, but was reorganized on his return in 1872, and has branch societies in nearly every regiment and battery in India, numbering, in June last, 11,494 members.

At the suggestion of Colonel the Honourable Frederick Thesiger, C.B. (now Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, G.C.B.), we adopted the following pledge:'

No. *Date.*

THE SOLDIERS' TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

H.M.'s *Regt.*

I PROMISE, with God's help, to abstain from all Intoxicating Liquors, except when administered medicinally or in a religious ordinance, so long as I retain this pledge.

(*Signed*)

WATCH AND BE SOBER.

The speciality of this pledge is the clause, 'So long as I retain this pledge.' This clause prevents men from breaking their word, or making a promise they find it impossible to keep. The men who sign this pledge are at liberty to return it whenever they like—in other words, to keep it as long as they like;

and our returns show that our association has not suffered by giving its members this liberty.

FROM LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA (LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA).

Trieste, May 5th, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GREGSON,

I have deferred writing to you regarding the operations of the society for the suppression of drunkenness in the army in India, in order that I might ascertain thoroughly how the action of the society has affected regimental discipline, and what has been its effect upon crime resulting from drunkenness.

From the inquiries which I have made, I am quite satisfied that the action of the society in no way interferes with regimental discipline, and has greatly diminished drunkenness and its consequent crime.

In 1870, there were 248 teetotalers, 147 abstainers, 16,570 non-abstainers.

In 1874, there were 1,466 teetotalers, 285 abstainers, 16,233 non-abstainers.

So that during the four years the teetotalers had risen in numbers, out of nearly the same number of men, from 248 to 1,466.

The crimes committed by the teetotalers are virtually none.

The aggregate percentage of crime committed by teetotalers during the five years amounts to 0·12, while that of the non-abstainers amounts to 4·68, or, in round numbers, about forty times as numerous.

Without relying too much on the accuracy of statistics, there can be no room to doubt that the action of the society has exercised the most beneficial influence in the army, and the society deserves the warmest encouragement as long as its action continues to be as discreetly directed as at present.

There is room in the action of a general association, which embraces a large number of men in the army, irrespective of their regimental discipline, for some interference with the complete moral control which the commanding officer of a regiment

should exercise; but heretofore the society's action has been entirely subordinate to regimental authority, and as long as this course is maintained, I consider that the society deserves cordial approval and encouragement from the Government and the Commander-in-Chief.

Yours faithfully,
NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

THE END.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK.